

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!
BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

Vol. V.—No. 26.—Whole No. 130.

NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1873.

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Seven Per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Syracuse and Che-
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balance of the funds required for its construction hav-
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of gentlemen of high character and ability. Its bonds
possess all the requisites of an inviting investment.
They are amply secured by a mortgage for less than
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per cent. gold interest, and are offered five per cent.
below par. The undersigned confidently recommend
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To those who wish to REINVEST COUPONS OR
DIVIDENDS, and those who wish to INCREASE

THEIR INCOME from means already invested in less
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Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Com-
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The bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent.

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Prices. The rate of interest (seven and three-tenths
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CORRESPONDENTS.

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VERTIBLE 7 PER

CENT. CURRENCY BONDS.

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the entire line of 230 miles of completed road, to-
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road crosses the entire State of Illinois and connect

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road for the year will net sufficient to pay interest on

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Elgin, Ill., 1st and 2d; Rockford, Ill., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th; Beloit, Wis., 7th, 8th and 9th; Madison, Wis., 11th and 12th; Watertown, Wis., 13th, 14th and 15th; Fond Du Lac, 16th and 17th; Oshkosh, 18th, 19th and 20th; Ripon, 21st and 22d; Whitewater, 24th and 25th; Waukesha, 26th and 27th; Chicago, Matteson House, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of each month during the year. Offices, principal hotels in each city. Chronic complaints incident to both sexes exclusively and successfully treated.

ENCUMBRANCES FROM THE PRESS.
The *Western Rural* speaks of Dr. Dake as one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

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A reliable and painless remedy for the Opium habit. Cures without any inconvenience to or interruption of business. Pamphlets sent free on application.

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Psychometric Readings for persons who send me their handwriting, or who will call on me in person.
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For Boston, Worcester, Fitchburg, Groton Junction, Lowell, Lawrence, Nashua, Manchester, Concord, Palmer, Brattleboro, and intersecting points.
The new and staunch steamers
CITY OF BOSTON,
CITY OF NEW YORK,
CITY OF LAWRENCE and
CITY OF NORWICH

Will leave New York daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock p. m., from Pier No. 40, North River, foot of Canal and Watts streets.

For New London, and Norwich, their connecting with Express trains for the above points, via Vermont Central, Norwich and Worcester, and Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroads.

For through tickets and rates for freight, apply at the office, Pier 40, North River.
W. F. PARKER, Agent.
New York, June 7, 1873.

Dr. JOSEPH TREAT,

Of Vineland, N. J., gives

THREE LECTURES:

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GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
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Risk of Hall and expenses taken, and 25 cents charged for each Lecture.
If necessary the cream of the three rendered in one Henry Ward Beecher illustrated by twice life-size portrait.

Address, care of Woodhull & Claflin, 48 Broad st., N. Y., or of J. P. Mendum, 84 Washington st., Boston, Mass., or of J. A. Lant, Editor of the *Sun*, Toledo, O.

THE

Western Rural,

THE GREAT

AGRICULTURAL & FAMILY WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF THE WEST.

H. N. F. LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor,

WITH AN

Able and Practical Editorial Staff,

AND AN

EFFICIENT CORPS OF SPECIAL AND VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTORS.

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SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS.

A PLUCKY PUBLISHER.

[From the *Chicago Daily Sun*, Nov. 30, 1871.]

"One of the most remarkable examples of Chicago pluck and energy is given by Mr. H. N. F. Lewis, proprietor of the *Western Rural*, one of the ablest and most widely circulated agricultural journals in the country. Mr. Lewis lost by the fire one of the most complete and valuable printing and publishing establishments in the West, and also his residence and household goods. Yet he comes to the surface again with unabated ardor, re-establishes himself at No. 407 West Madison street, where he has gathered new material for his business, and from which point he has already issued the first number (since the fire) of the *Western Rural*, the same size and in the same form as previous to the fiery storm. Nobody would imagine, on glancing at the neat, artistic head and well-filled pages of the *Rural* that anything uncomfortably warm or specially disastrous had ever happened to it. Success to Lewis and his excellent *Rural*. Chicago ought to feel proud of it."

"The Largest and Handsomest Paper for Young People."

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Young Folks' Rural,

A RURAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

TERMS:

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A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL BERLIN CHROMOS, MOUNTED AND VARNISHED, SENT POSTPAID AS A GIFT TO EVERY YEARLY SUBSCRIBER.

The *Young Folks' Rural* is a novelty among publications for Young People—entirely a "new idea," and different from any other in style and character. Sixteen pages and sixty-four columns—the largest newspaper in Chicago!

WHAT "THEY SAY."

[From the *Chicago Evening Post*.]

"H. N. F. Lewis, Esq., the well-known publisher of that admirable weekly, the *Western Rural*, is publishing a monthly rural and literary journal, under the title of the *Young Folks' Rural*. * * * Mr. Lewis is just the man to make it a 'big thing.'"

[From the *Letter of a Western Mother*.]

"The *Young Folks' Rural* is just what our dear children need. Altogether it is a noble enterprise, and will do an untold amount of good. It is the 'parent's' assistant, and all thinking parents will join me in thanking you."

[From a School Teacher.]

"I am a teacher, and take the paper for the benefit and amusement of my pupils. Eyes are brighter and lessons better learned when the *Young Folks' Rural* makes its appearance."

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Address,

H. N. F. LEWIS, Publisher,
Chicago, Ill.

Both *Western Rural* and *Young Folks' Rural* furnished for One Year for \$3.00.

C. L. James' Column.

FURTHER COMMUNICATION FROM SLEEPY SAM.

SANDWICH ISLAND HOUSE, INKERMANN, (On the Mississippi), April 27, 1873.

A terrible affliction has befallen one of our best and oldest citizens, and the whole community grieves in sympathy with the grief of Andrew Hunker, of this village, who has just lost his wife. Mrs. Hunker died of what the doctors call puerperal fever. I call it over-work. I took occasion to tell Elder Courtwell so when we were taking our regular biters in the back parlor this morning before the funeral. (The elder always stops at my house when he comes down here, and we are the best kind of old friends, though we don't agree about religion.) So I says to him, "Elder, Mrs. Hunker died of over-work." "Yes," says he to me, says he, "and so will your wife and mine." I was a little staggered at his speaking out so plainly, and didn't quite know what to answer; but the next words he said relieved me. "It don't always pay to tell the truth," says he. "You're right it don't," says I. "Truth," says the elder, "has good reason to be ashamed to be naked." "She'd order be," says I. "She's good to look at in private, but bad to exhibit in public," says he. "That's a fact," says I. "For instance," says he, "this is darned good rum; but we're too good temperance men to say so." I was so much struck with this observation that I filled his glass again. "Not another drop," said the elder; "I shall want to be sober when I preach that sermon, if ever I was sober in my life. Well, if I must—thank you. As I was about to say, you keep a hotel, and have had a good many hired girls. Sometimes you give me a chance. That's all right." "So long as it isn't known," says I. "That's what I mean," says he. "Now, you're a kind of Spiritualist and I'm a kind of an Atheist; but it don't do to say so." "No," says I. "That is," says he, "I can call you Spiritualist and you call me a hypocrite, but I must call myself a Methodist and you must call yourself a gentleman at large. Then we can meet and drink our rum together just like two lawyers or two editors, after calling each other rogues and villains all the week." I shook the elder's hand warmly as we rode off to the funeral. I never got tired of admiring that man's wisdom. They say the funeral was the biggest kind of a success. The elder, inspired by my rum, came out quite strong and gave very near the following synopsis of the life and virtues of Susan, second wife of A. Hunker, aged twenty-nine; Mr. Hunker is a noble specimen of the American farmer, aged forty-seven. She kept house without a girl, and ran a sewing-machine for eleven years, entertaining the minister from time to time, the district school-teacher alternate month, and twenty-five men during the harvest season. She also wove carpets, sheared sheep and took care of the orchard, flower and market garden, to say nothing of the bees and cows.

During the above-named period she bore six children, of whom half survive, according to the law of life laid down by the late illustrious philosopher of Chappaqua. The last was born about five weeks before his mother's death, and she resumed work in the interim.

She had gone to a better country (which is eminently probable, as she hardly could have found a worse).

The deceased was a faithful member of the church, and deserved much comfort from the thought that she was doing her simple duty, and then the time would come when it would no longer be necessary for her to do it.

The text for her funeral sermon was apposite: "Who shall find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

It is supposed, however, that Mr. Hunker has already found one, in the person of Miss Today, who had been observed to make matters extremely agreeable for him during Mrs. Hunker's declining years. It is sad to relate that so good a wife, after her faculties had been impaired by sickness, labored like the wife of the great philosopher before referred to, under the hypochondriacal delusion that she was not well used. She wanted Mr. Hunker to send her daughter to college, which he readily soothed her by promising to do. Of course, however, he means to send his sons to college and to give his daughters such an education as will fit them for honest farmers' wives like their mother.

Miss Today says that Mr. Hunker's kindness and forbearance toward his wife during this distressing infirmity was truly admirable, though almost carried a little too far.

For her own part, Miss Today felt under obligations to bestow a little sisterly admiration, which of course passed unheeded; but every one is the best judge of his own duty, and no one can find fault with Mr. Hunker for not thinking it best to do the same.

I couldn't help dropping a few tears over the memory of poor Susan. It was rough on Hunker to lose her just as ploughing was beginning, but it's a wind-fall to Mary Today. She'll be getting her wedding dresses made right off, I guess. That's what Mrs. C. remarked last night, after we had gone to bed, when I was telling her how often in her younger days I had heard Susan say that she would rather be a happy wife and mother than a voter. Mrs. C. also says that "Susan always hated and detested free love," which I guess is true; at least, I always somehow was afraid to push my own experiments on her virtue too far. From the spirit-land which she has entered, pure though overworked, having carried Hunker and his whiskey-bottle, and his first wife's children and her own, through life, she can look back triumphantly to see Woodhull's influence waning, and her sister's forever and ever coming to supply such fellows as Hunker and me with a living and other necessities. On the whole, I have Mrs. C. pretty well broke in, though hardly as well as the elder has his wife, who told her little boy not to play dominoes till pa came in, so she could ask pa whether it was right. [A fact].

S. S. C. (Landlord of the Sandwich Island House).



The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin will hereafter be furnished, postage paid, at the following liberal prices:

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin	2 00
The Principles of Social Freedom	25
The Impending Revolution	25
The Ethics of Sexual Equality	25

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE.

1. Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you.

4. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord.

Gel. Ep. James v. 1-4.

TO THE SEVERAL SECTIONS OF THE I. W. A. IN THE U. S.

The following propositions were, at the last meeting of the Federal Council, referred to the several sections represented by the Council:

Whereas, the right of initiation belongs to the Sections. Sections Nos. 15 and 46, at New Orleans, propose the following plan of communication with all other Sections:

1. Each Section shall immediately choose a Corresponding Secretary, who shall reside in New York. The same secretary may serve several sections, but no more than five. The several corresponding secretaries united shall compose a Bureau.

2. This Bureau shall communicate to each Section, through the secretaries in New York, the views of the other Sections, and vice versa.

3. This Bureau shall publish a bulletin in which each Section shall have the right to publish its ideas and its doings. Every member of the I. W. A. in the U. S. shall receive one copy of each number of the Bulletin, and shall pay 5 cents for it.

Members may form clubs and receive supplementary copies at the rate of two for 5 cents.

The size of the Bulletin and the frequency of its publication shall depend upon the amount of subscriptions, so as to balance expenses and receipts.

4. Each Section shall pay monthly 5 cents per member to its corresponding secretary in New York for indemnity of time and expenses of correspondence.

5. Being so bound together, the Sections shall form the American Federation of the I. W. A., and shall work in concert to make a Federal constitution.

6. This constitution shall contain only principles and by-laws admitted by all the Sections.

7. Once organized, the American Federation shall invite Federations of other countries to bind themselves together in the same manner.

THE COMING CRISIS.

ST. LOUIS, May 7, 1873.

Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly—The present is pregnant with a spirit of unrest; humanity is chafing in the bonds of social discord, the fruits of unsatisfied greed.

The world's best thinkers are alive to the urgent necessity of a radical, reformatory change in our religious and social organizations, and are bending every effort to bring it about; while the majority of mankind, though seemingly unconscious or careless of their duty in the matter, yet moved forward by an uncontrollable power, feel that society is not working from a base productive of happiness; that something is lacking in our political, social and religious teachings; that they have ceased to be adequate to the progressive aspirations of the age.

Reform is becoming the watchword of the oppressed in every clime. The masses are expanding the dwarfed understanding of the past and the crippled growth of the present into a dignified and ennobled manhood in the future. The spirit of progress is sweeping like a tidal wave the circumference of the globe, engulfing the false teachings of the past and present. Human thought is awakened as never was before. Teachers are springing up in every city and hamlet of the old and new countries, and are working with an earnestness of purpose, schooled in the crucible of suffering and want, which bids fair to level our present rotten social structure within the next five years. Will it be accomplished without bloodshed? I fear not, judging from the apathy of the press, who claim to be the moulders of public opinion, but who in reality, with a very few honorable exceptions, are but its echo.

The press of America is nearly exclusive in the interest of capital. Every word emanating from them is first weighed by the consideration whether or not it has anything prejudicial to the interests of the landlord or merchant, or antagonistic to the dogmatic tenets of religion; if so, it fails to find space in their columns. Even the limited reports of our reform speakers are dwarfed and misrepresented to this end, while, on the other hand, the Monday morning papers' columns teem full of the silly twaddle of Sunday's pulpit. This, I think, is conclusive evidence of what help may be

expected from them. As a body, they are certainly antagonistic to the interests of reform. The signs of the times have, seemingly, failed to impress them with a truth of the earnest purpose of those engaged in labor and religious reforms.

We do not expect any concessions from capitalists. They have always shown their determination to resist every effort made to change this unequal distribution of the fruits of industry. As they have all the commercial interests in their control, with the government, the press and church influence in sympathy with them, it would seem that anything less than a social earthquake will fail to bring them to a true conception of right.

We have advocated the peace policy or suasive force, as calculated in the end to do this reformatory work, but it would seem like contending against hope to think so still, for every year seems but to add fresh meshes to this network of social, religious and political corruption. Every leaf we turn in the history of our republic gives proof of its tendency to empire; and it needs but the concerted action on the part of labor to right themselves, even by the peaceful use of the ballot, to bring into play the crushing heel of despotism; or, to be plainer, as soon as the capitalists feel that the working classes are combining for the purpose of amending the laws, so as to do justice to the producer, they, by a usurpation of power, will force the reign of terror.

Need I ask who will have to succumb, if it is even ever fairly started in an intelligent community like ours?

Certainly not. The working classes, with the great advantage of sacred right and the vast superiority of their numbers over the non-producers, must triumph.

We would stay this fearful work, if possible, without retarding the great work of social reconstruction, but we fear blood will be spilt in abundance as the inevitable result of misrepresentation on the part of the press and the false teachings of capital and creeds.

It will be but the inevitable law of compensation, whose fiat none can escape.

The churches and moneyed oligarchies are responsible beyond all excuse for the ignorance of the multitude, and all excesses they are guilty of in times of revolution or transition.

We offer this appeal to the American public, hoping that it may awaken a spirit of reflection as to our true social condition, and reveal the dangerous precipice of anarchy, on the brink of which we are now standing.

Fraternal yours, HENRY F. ALLEN.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.

We have frequently spoken in these columns of revolution. We are conscious that but few, comparatively speaking, think that anything that is generally involved by that term is likely to occur suddenly in this country. We fear, however, that our suspicions are too well founded; that it is liable to break out at any time. We have already given many reasons why revolution is probable; but the following conversation between members of the recent Convention that assembled at the Astor House to consider the subject of "Cheap transit" may awaken thought upon this subject:

A delegate—an officer in a "Grange"—said to another delegate from the city: "We of the West have to give three-quarters of our corn to get it to market. Farms that are mortgaged are being forfeited, and small farmers can't get money enough to pay their taxes; and everything is going to ruin or into the hands of railroads. The masses are so incensed, that we, who are trying to cure this evil by cheap transit, are obliged to hold the people in check from committing depredations on the roads. If we withdraw our caution and restraint, they would 'soap' the rails at once."

Another member said: "We are being ruined, and something must be done at once or revolution will supervene. We have passed through one revolution; and this matter we mean to settle at the ballot-box, but if not there, then we will fight again. Why, those who are seeking to prevent violence have been compelled for the last two years to furnish the more needy farmers with money to pay their taxes, hoping soon to be able to get relief through legislation; but it can't go on much longer."

INDUSTRIAL PUBLIC CORRECTIONS.

In the issue of April 3, under the above heading, *endorse* should read *endorse*; *sympathetical*, *synthetical*; *actualized*, *actualized*; and in the address insert Brooklyn before N. Y.

A Healing Institute on a new physiological basis is one of the first requirements of reconstruction, and a Children's Institute for the nurture and education of children according to the requirements of their nature, is another one.

Human physiology is naturally divided into four generic departments, named the Static, the Dynamic, the Telegraphic and the Eclectic.

In the Static department are comprised the framework, composed of bone, cartilage, sinew and muscle, and anatomy is the key to it.

In the Dynamic department are comprised the nutritive system, composed of cavities, channels, fluids and solids, and chemistry is its key.

In the Telegraphic department are comprised the nervous system, composed of nervous fibre, batteries, insulators and messages, and biology is its key.

In the Eclectic department are comprised the entire glandular system, composed of the secretive, the digestive, the ganglionic and the brain or thinking glands.

According to these four departments of physiology there should be four remedial departments in the new healing institute.

A location suited to these purposes has been selected by the angel guides, and can be procured at a low cost.

Immediate effort will be made for the accomplishment of these institutions so as to meet the necessities of the members of the Industrial Public, and of others who may wish to avail themselves of their advantages.

SOCIALISTIC.

SOMETHING OF GEORGE ELIOT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

That George Eliot is what she thus reveals herself to be, probably only a few of our readers know. With a nature keenly alive to the charms of physical beauty in all its forms, and a great capacity of loving as woman loves man, and of being loved as woman loves to be loved of man, she is so unfortunate in her personal appearance that she will not allow her photograph to be given to the world, even if she has consented to have it taken. Her face even lacks that charm which is sometimes given to the ugliest features by an expression of intelligence or kindness. Nor is the gentleman—Mr. George Lewes—whose name she bears through the courtesy of her friends, without having a legal claim to it, a much more attractive person than herself, while his manner is said to be as forbidding as his face. These are the conditions of her life here, and to these she adds despair of happiness or recompense to man beyond the grave. Surely here is enough to account for no little of that gloom and deep bitterness which is diffused over all she writes—great-souled woman although she plainly is. And here we notice a remarkable coincidence—that the two greatest living novelists, one in English and the other in French literature, as two women who came before the world with the male pseudonym of George, which they have both retained through all their several careers; that both are without the consolation of religious faith; that they have both had bitter experience in their sexual relations, and have "learned in sorrow what they taught in song;" and that both have lived in those relations not according to the statute in such case made and provided. Let us add, however, that in the case of the lady known as George Eliot, Miss Evans and Mrs. Lewes, it is admitted on all hands that, notwithstanding her lack of legal claim to the recognition of wife, no one would have one whit more real respect for her if she had been married by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey.—R. G. White, in the Graphic.

Some six or seven years ago there appeared in a number of that prince of the monthly magazines, the *Radical*, a remarkable and lengthy paragraph under the caption, "A few Earnest Words," reciting the facts alluded to by the extract from the *Graphic* appended to this article, endorsing Miss Evans, and justifying Mr. George Lewes and herself in ignoring as they do the necessity for a legal indorsement of their soul union. This paragraph appearing, as it did, over obscure initials, seemed to be overlooked by the general readers of the *Radical* and escaped remark; but I was startled by its perusal, and, hailing it as a good omen, stored it away in my memory and watched with increased interest the career of George Eliot.

The literary world receives with delight the recent announcement that a little volume, entitled "The Sayings of George Eliot," is about to appear. George W. Curtis, the accomplished scholar and editor, who, amid the triumphs of fame and the consolations of wealth and an assured position, seems to have forgotten the golden dreams of his young manhood when, as one of the most sanguine of the visionaries of "Brook Farm," he aspired to assist in founding a new social order, has addressed *Harper's Bazar*, and revealed his own good taste by frequent selections from George Eliot's last novel, and has alluded to her in Harper's Easy Chair as the "first English novelist of the day." Now, I believe the Harpers pride themselves upon the publication of a first-class family magazine—one that parents can securely trust their young daughters to read without restriction; and as George Eliot is a *practical Free Lover*, living a free life in the face of conservative England, and by common consent taking the first place in the front-rank of English novelists, and winning as much respect and as complete social recognition as if she "had been married by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey," why we may congratulate ourselves that the *creme de la creme* of respectability in America and Europe have entered the lists with us, and that the social ethics of Plymouth Church and WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY are not so much in advance of the times after all.

Conservative Boston is just now crowding the Globe Theatre to witness Miss Carlotta Leclercq's (pronounced *Le Clare's*) exquisite impersonation of Wilkie Collins' last heroine, the "New Magdalen." The play overflows with advanced ideas and radical sentiments, clothed in the draperies of delightful fiction and sustained with strong dramatic power. The audience watches with eager interest the career of this beautiful Magdalen from the hour she emerges—by her own confession—from a refuge for outcast women, till she marries—yes, marries—a clergyman of the Church of England in the last act, when the absorbed interest with which Boston's best society has followed the piece rises to positive enthusiasm, and the curtain falls amid the most profound enthusiasm ever created by a dramatic representation in Boston.

It is a notable fact that the most radical sentiments regarding the labor question and other live issues of the day with which Mr. Collins has interspersed the play, are those received by this fashionable audience with the greatest enthusiasm. The newspaper critics are unanimous in their commendation of the new play, only one, the dramatic critic of the *Daily Globe*, indulging in a few cant phrases regarding the perhaps questionable moral effects of the celebrated author permitting such a happy *denouement* for his heroine. Verily the world moves!

LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

[From the Sequachee (Tenn.) Sun.]

HAVE WE A FREE AND INDEPENDENT PRESS?

We are induced to ask the above question on account of the farce that has been enacted in the two cases of Mrs. Woodhull & Co. and Geo. Francis Train. We have read over carefully the Beecher-Tilton Scandal that was published in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY of November last, and

according to our judgment we have failed to see the obscene part of it.

We have not had the pleasure of seeing Train's Bible quotations, therefore we are unable to pronounce upon them, and would thank some one for a copy. But to our question—The Independence of the Press. We have watched with a deep feeling of interest the progress of the court in the above cases, knowing that there will be a precedent established in our American jurisprudence that will shake the mud-sills of our liberties—which will shock our beautiful temple of freedom from centre to circumference; or it will settle the foundations of our free institutions until they will rest on the rock of ages, to be handed down to future generations unchained and untrammelled by the hand of usurpation.

We have in our wild state been in the habit of speaking and writing just what we pleased, being responsible to the parties interested only for what we said, and to no one else. In our untamed state we have been so foolish as to believe that the mails belonged to the people, and not the people to the mail-bags. Getting to be an editor of a little one-horse newspaper has not so far civilized our savage nature as to change our views; but as we exchange with the New York Sun, New York News, New York Observer, and a few more of the most prominent and leading journals of the North, we may be taught the art of being tied hand and foot by a pack of usurpers, in the name and under the cloak of law. We have been an editor of a paper but a few weeks, and it has not broke on us yet—we are not used to it. It may be, when we get used to it, we may be able to sit quietly and see the last prop knocked from under our liberties, and not open our mouth. It is Woodhull, Claflin & Co., and G. F. Train, "of unsound mind," now; it may be the New York Tribune, New York Sun, or even the Sequachee Sun, next. Liberty and freedom are not gained in a day, but when gained they may be lost in a moment of time.

The parties who are now at work gnawing at the very vitals of our liberties—a free and untrammelled press—are doing so under the guise of law; wolves in sheep's clothing. If there is any law in these United States justifying any such action as has been and is now being carried on, every rag of a paper from the northeast corner of Maine to the southwest corner of California, and from the northwest corner of Alaska to the southeast corner of Florida, ought to pitch into it with such a vim that it would be repealed so quick that it would make your head swim.

Is it possible that the newspapers, which are giants in the land, will see their bodies dismembered in such a manner? They need not defend the principles of the Woodhull-Claflin clan by fighting for the liberties of the press.

We do not want the disgrace of a precedent upon our law-books convicting a woman, or any one else, for using the mails for advocating any principles they think fit through them. The mails ought to belong to the public, and not the public to the mails. Send whatever matter you please by the mail, and if any one's morals are injured let them sue the parties for damages.

We are opposed to the United States Government tampering with the liberties of the press and people. If there is to be any laxity of law in the premises, it had better be on the side of perfect freedom than on that of tyranny and oppression.

[From the Word, Princeton, Mass.]

LIBERTINISM.

TO JOSIAH WARREN:

Knowing that you dislike criticism, I do not wish to trouble you; but for those who recognize the legitimacy of no government outside of the individual, criticism is the natural corrective of injustice. Since you have publicly assumed the position of "Counsellor in Equity," I feel compelled to state why you seem to me to have been false to its high trust.

In the tragedy in which Victoria C. Woodhull is the exponent of social truth, and Henry Ward Beecher of skulking falsity, you give him your warmest approval, and have "respectful pity for her." The case stand thus:

Mrs. Woodhull, finding herself the victim of a pernicious system which binds a man and woman for life—the sanctity of her person violated by the embraces of a dissolute husband—her first hopes of motherhood wrecked by the birth of an idiotic son—forsaken in the perils of child-bed—her little one dying by her side, while its father revels in his cup and the society of wanton women—resolves to put an end to the lie which stamps her relation with the sacred seal of a union which can only exist between loyally wedded hearts. Legally divorced and afterward lovingly united to "the one whom her heart and her reason chose"—seeing the wrongs to which woman is everywhere subjected, and the fearful crime and suffering growing out of marriages where there is no love—consecrates herself to the work of social redemption, with a devotion hardly paralleled in history.

Since those relations on which the continuance of the race depends, and through which we must look for the best methods of its improvement, are the most important which can be sustained, she saw that in no others should mistakes be so scrupulously avoided or so conscientiously rectified; and proclaimed the right and duty of all to establish or annul them in accordance with their own convictions without consent of judge, jury or priest. Her announcement of this truth startled both the master whose lascivious sway was threatened, and his legal slave who ignorantly feared that a struggle for liberty would only increase the horrors of her captivity. In the tumult of misunderstanding and persecution which followed, our heroine turned with gratefulness to all who espoused the cause of freedom. Mr. Beecher came repeatedly to her to express his conviction of the truth of her position, and to reassure her in the struggle. But this man of influence, accustomed to stand as a teacher before the largest audience in the country, refused to be publicly known as a believer in the principles he privately indorsed and carried into practice. When she had summoned him before a public tribunal by a published statement of well-au-

thenticated facts in his life—when the court, the church and the brothel, combined to destroy her—he sat, feasted and triumphant, among his friends, acquiescing in, if not secretly inspiring, the remorseless persecution which assailed her.

In this aggravated case of treachery and desertion, you, Mr. Warren, "rejoice and congratulate" Mr. Beecher that he has "taken the only true course for him to pursue!" You say "the public has no right to demand information concerning sexual intimacy of parties, but ought to hold it as a strictly private affair;" when I remind you that nature has set her seal of impossibility upon such privacy on the woman's part, by making motherhood the frequent and most important result of the intimacy, you tell me that "that is her misfortune." In this atrocious statement you insult the finest instincts of woman, defame the noble function of motherhood, and deny a simple principle of justice which holds equal partners equally responsible for the results of a mutual transaction.

If an act is morally justifiable it needs no concealment; if it cannot be so justified, the sooner it is exposed the better. A better feeling than idle curiosity prompts our interest in the domestic affairs of intelligent people, and especially of teachers. We feel the pressure of great wrongs—of the false conditions surrounding us; the grave question what is right in these things presses for an answer, and we turn with hope to every ray of light. We have a proper and most vital interest in gleaning from personal experience, as well as from philosophy, the knowledge which is to teach us under what condition, at what times and places, and between what parties, intimate sexual relations may be established with benefit to all concerned; and this knowledge belongs as rightfully to "Tom, Dick and Harry, Moll, Susan and Bet, the vulgar mob"—as you are pleased to term us—as it does to the most gifted man and woman, or the most petted and carefully protected child of wealth. You say, "If a woman chooses to grant favors to a man it is nobody's business." A favor or gift has no responsibility attached, and such talk means that man has a right to win woman's body to his use, and then spurn her and turn his back on consequences, counting them "her misfortune." This is the work which fills our cities with abortionists, and our asylums and brothels with the outraged victims of man's lust. If libertinism is the exercise of liberty without a sense of the responsibility which attaches to its use, you stand as its justifier; and the proof that Mr. Beecher does also is found in his denial of his child.

I take an individual (or self) sovereign to be one who rules his animal by his moral nature, and that he who fails to do this is still a slave.

You assure me that you have always persisted in maintaining a neutral position on the social question before the public, that you "would not be mixed up with it in any way;" and your published works are a striking confirmation of your words. What but this weak and wicked evasion of fundamental problems in equity, this dishonest pushing to the rear of questions which stand foremost in importance, could have so vitiated your manhood, that, of the fiendish work of trafficking in the honor and purity of innocent young girls, you coldly say, "No good can come from making it public!"

Chancing once to meet with a young man who had made your acquaintance, I listened most reluctantly to his statement that "Mr. Warren is a dangerous man for young persons to meet." I am now compelled to admit the full force of his pregnant words. Your failure to apply the principles of equity to the relations of the sexes, together with your constant justification of business transactions which are a denial of the cost principle, make you dangerous to those who are not fortified by wisdom and experience, and the danger is heightened by the attractive force of the shining truths you are supposed to teach.

Very truly,

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

WAVERLY, N. Y., May 16, 1873.

Our dear Victoria—The spirit of Free Love is with me and is moving me to write the words of truth and wisdom. Some great crushing, grinding thing is about to spring upon the world.

I hardly know whether it is for freedom or oppression, but surely the critical period of American institutions has come. The tried and trained reformers must rise in the strength of the free spirit with the keen necessity of truth, and strike when the watchword is given for liberty and justice. We have had the age of thought and speech. Now comes the era of action. It is in vain for the earnest and honest reformer to attempt to dodge or resist it. The great ocean of humanity is now convulsed, heaving to and fro by the raging winds and storms of moral corruption. I believe that Free Love is the only descending voice which can say, "Peace, be still." This voice of life and power shall regenerate the world. It shall live in the great heart of humanity as the proclamation of Victoria C. Woodhull. It cannot longer be hid under the bushel of Plymouth Church, nor explained away by the marriage passions of its pastor, whose sweetness has turned to bitterness, and whose liberality has turned to bigotry.

But the puny arm cannot crush the principle of Free Love. The hand of virtue will remove the religious mask, and then the dismal wail of "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward but are within full of dead women's bones and of all uncleanness."—Matthew xxiii. 27.

The present time is God's set time for the principles of universal freedom to be unfolded in the human heart and established in all the relations of life. How sweetly breaks the light, of this new social order. How clearly flow the streams of love and good-will to the "pure in heart." And how hopeful the crushed ones look up to the divine messenger of mercy embodied in our heaven-commissioned Victoria, the great agitator and leader in social reform. Come, friends, one and all, to the work. Now is your time, the prize is before you, let us go for it; and when the fight is over, we will clear away the rotten,

crumbling structures of our masculine marriage relations, which have been the cause of nearly all the wrongs and evils which have prevailed in the social relations, and filled earth with sorrow and death. Then we will establish the feminine relations of Free Love, the pure offerings of the soul, which shall give health and strength to body and mind. Then the quietness of the fireside will no longer be disturbed by the cries of the diseased wife and the dying babe. I look with sympathy upon suffering humanity. My ears are not pleased with the sighs and wails which are heard in the family circle, the dismal sounds of discord, the broken heart groans, the pale, struggling, fainting wife in the iron grasp of her lustful husband, who receives encouragement from the legal authority to do as he pleases with his property in the form of his wife, who pleads in vain for protection. I look with sorrow upon the action of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has got damnation upon its brain, and would drag the God of it into the Constitution of the United States, and then humanity, with themselves, down, down into the bloody valleys and hells of barbarism. Oh! may the goddess of our day save us from such an end.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

TO LOVE UNLOVED.

BY BEATRICE.

I can meet him again with a smile,
For the tale of my love is untold,
But his accents can never beguile
With the charms which enraptured of old.
But those moments have gone—they have fled,
As the happiest hours flee away,
Leaving all of the joys they have shed
With the roses of love to decay.

So, whenever we meet in the throng
If on me rests his eye, there's no chance
Of a shadow to tell him how long
I have lived in the light of his glance,
And he knows not the love he has made
In this heart by his whisperings sweet.
But this love—it shall die where it's laid,
Sad and still in its lonely retreat.

As a stone that is carelessly thrown
In the bosom of Ocean's vast deep
In its trackless descent ripples down
Till it rests on the bottom to sleep,
So his love-tale went deep in my heart,
To forever in silence repose,
Save that bubbles like this will oft start,
And almost bid my lips to unclose.

When a smile, then, these lips seem to breathe,
'Tis like garlands bestrewn o'er the bier
Of dead hopes which will ne'er again breathe,
Still enshrined in my memory dear.
Yet I meet him again with a smile,
With the tale of my love still untold,
Though his accents can never beguile
With the charms which enraptured of old.

A REPLY TO WARREN HARRIS.

AN ARTICLE ON SOCIAL FREEDOM, PUBLISHED IN R. P. JOURNAL, OF APRIL 26.

My Brother—For the last hour I have been in prayerful communion with the influence which bids me answer thee. I rise my from supplication with sacred tears, fast flowing from the earnestness and intensity of my feelings. Oh how I pray that every word I pen may go forth fully imbued with the holy spirit of pure and beautiful truth; trusting that these thoughts, given in the tenderest sympathy for each and every heart, may be fraternized with the power of healing those who are blind, with a power of courage to awaken those who having eyes see not, and with a power of Spiritual discernment to enlighten those who read, yet do not understand; hoping that while the arguments may appeal to the wisdom of the intellect, that the magnetism of the thought may permeate through the rubbish of false customs, reaching the depths of tenderness in each heart, truest and purest love.

I pen this reply in the spirit of fraternity. My soul knows no party feeling, if it be true as you say that there are two parties among Spiritualists. This I know, that I have in both parties dear friends whom I love and cherish. We all know there are noble minds among both, who have earnestly labored for the cause of the angels, this cause so precious, so sacred to us all. There is not one but whom I would take by the hand in the spirit of brothers and sisterhood. My soul knows no antagonism, can recognize no division. I cannot afford to be divided from a brother or sister Spiritualist, from any one who in any way works for the cause of our heaven-born religion of the harmonious philosophy.

As you truly say, both parties agree that we should labor to change the social condition to harmony and happiness; oh then dear ones all, are we not each engaged in a grand and noble work? yes, a work too sacred to be marred by the spirit of contention. Let us then pursue this important discussion in the most honest sincerity, each one praying that no motive may influence his or her action, but the purest love of truth. Brother, if my memory serves me rightly, you did not quote Mrs. Woodhull correctly in the first quotation in your article. Your finish of the quotation is not Mrs. Woodhull's, but your interpretation of her idea. You use the word unrestrained, in a sense which she has never used it: she has never said that any parties have the right to the unrestrained exercise of sexuality. You interpret her as meaning license, where she says and means freedom.

You ask us to suppose a case of a licentious man seeking to rob a pure and loving girl of her virtue; you ask if a parent has, according to Mrs. W., the right to prevent it? Yes, a thousand times we answer yes!

In her editorial on the ninth page, of April 26, she says, that while legal objections should not prevent the right of sexuality between two willing persons, yet there are other cases where an objection should prevent; and in the case which you instance, Mrs. Woodhull emphatically says: It should be prevented, for who has cried out more bitterly and

boldly than Mrs. W. against the heinous sin of licentious men, seeking young girls for the base purpose of destroying the virtue and purity of their womanhood?

You say that Mrs. W. declares the passions to be the voice of God in the soul.

Brother Harris, do you believe in the old orthodox idea of natural depravity. You answer, No? Then is not our whole nature divine? Is not every faculty the voice of God in the soul? You ask us if the passions are better than benevolence or conscientiousness? No; but just as good. One God-given organ is as good as another, and it is the harmonious exercise of all these which unfolds and develops noble manhood and womanhood. It is the low, degrading thoughts of sexuality which causes sensuality; and when Mrs. W. succeeds in teaching the people to view the sacred and beautiful functions of sexuality with free and pure thought, then will she have become the redeemeress of humanity from disease and licentiousness; for who that deems the passions "as the voice of God in the soul" will not consider them too sacred for abuse, and seek for the highest and most beautiful use. And thus while contemplating the passions with pure and divine thought, we are cultivating Spiritual sexuality, which ever seeks pure love and harmony.

You say purity can be gained by restraint of the sexual passions.

Allow me to ask if there could be any system adopted which could possibly give more unbounded license to sexual indulgence, extremes, legalized adultery and consequent disease and ruin, to both parents and offspring, than our present marriage system? Thus we find prostitution in legalized marriage, and Mrs. W. declares that much of the prostitution outside of it is caused by legal restraint of this system, which binds the soul to unnatural conditions. Thus she believes that social freedom is "the all-healing balm," because freedom of the affections seeks objects of love and respect in sexual attraction.

Does love constitute the marriage between two loving and united souls, or does legality make the marriage?

Surely there is not a Spiritualist, even among the class which opposes Mrs. W., but who would answer that love makes the marriage.

Now, it seems to me that the real difference between Mrs. W. and these opposers consists in this, that they consider legality necessary to make marriage respectable, while Mrs. W. declares the natural truth, that the principle of love which makes the marriage is the principle which makes or should make it respectable!

And while you know the truth that love alone makes the real marriage, yet this false idea of respectability causes you to respect legalized adultery more than the real soul marriage. This I am prepared to prove. For instance, in a little country hamlet among the legalized married are twenty couples who are not married in soul; in these unions of hate and discord children—unwelcome children of weakness and disease—are born, to suffer and curse the causes that brought them into existence. The opposers of Mrs. W. know the facts in the condition of these families that countenance this legalized prostitution. They are silent until Madam Grundy sets the village on fire with the slanderous story that an unmarried woman, so-called, has given birth to what is termed an illegitimate child. Now, if this child is born of parents who do not love, who are not married in soul, we agree that it, too, is the child of prostitution; but in this as in many cases, the parents were married in soul, sacredly cherishing a true conjugal affection and pure respect for each other. Do the opposers of Mrs. W. protect this slandered woman from the insults of an unjust, hypocritical society? do they show her the respect which they do the families above mentioned?

I declare that if they do not they countenance legalized adultery more than they respect the soul marriage; and is it not likely that society will continue this injustice while legality is considered necessary to make marriage respectable?

Oh, the sin that is committed for respectability, overdoes a decillion times what will ever be done in the name of freedom!

Oh, let us rend the veil which covers the murders and abortions caused by this false idea. The best organized children are murdered either before birth or soon after, instead of living to bless society. Great God! what wickedness and hypocrisy, all in the name of respectability.

Talk not to us of the present marriage system being a protection and safeguard to society, when it peoples the world with such deformed dwarfs in body and mind, and kills the darling innocents of love and harmony. A physician not long since told me of a truly noble young man and woman, both belonging to the first families in the place, both of superior culture in morals and intellect, who came to him in trouble begging him to commit an abortion for them.

He replied: I have never committed a murder; I cannot stain my hands with the blood of an innocent; I advise you to have the legal ceremony performed immediately. The lady replied that the wedding day had been appointed by her parents several months, hence and it was impossible to change it.

The physician asked them if their love and respect for each other was perfect as previous. "The same," they both answered. "Yes," replied the young man; "I love and respect this woman above all others; in soul we are husband and wife." "Then be true to the sacred law which binds you to each other and your unborn child; let it be a welcome child." "Oh! in our souls we welcome and love it; but society will brand it as illegitimate and curse us as disresponsible because the law has not yet given us to each other."

And thus, in the name of respectability, they procured a wicked abortionist and murdered their darling, innocent babe, the first fruits of their young and healthy lives, the first-born of their true, pure and perfect love.

You, Brother Harris, would say that this couple should have restrained their passions until after the legal ceremony; but here you have their own souls' honest confession, their own true declaration, that their soul-marriage could have

been made no more sacred or perfect by "the twaddle of priest or justice."

You wrong Mrs. Woodhull and the cause of social reform when you endeavor to convey the idea that she advocates licence to social indulgence. I trust she may soon succeed in showing society the difference between licence and freedom. I refer you to an article entitled "The Sexual Paradox," in No. 121 of WEEKLY, March 29. I advocate Mrs. Woodhull because I believe she is teaching humanity the sacredness of true soul marriage, that she is hastening the day when sexual relations will be formed only where the purest and the highest respect is entertained and sacredly cherished.

Sexual passion should be restrained when there is any good or natural reason for restraint, but man-made law or legal ceremony is not the tribunal for the free born; the spiritually unfolded, the free-love soul. Love and nature alone can give to two conjugally mated souls the precious right to the sacred blending of their beautiful sexual unfoldment.

SADA BAILEY.

Waukegan, Ill., May 8, 1873.

DEVOTION.

BY M. U. GUDSUG.

Dear one, could I but prove
The priest into whose ear
You oft confess with fear
Secret desires of love,

With joy would I erase
The sin from off your heart,
That I might take a part
To put it back in place.

For venial sins alone
A kiss would be the fine
But hundred should be mine
For every mortal one.

You would forgiveness free
For future sins obtain;
But then I should ordain
Your penance—to love me.

AN EARNEST WOMAN.

May 8, 1873.

Dear Victoria—I want to tell you that my paper comes regular, also an extra, which I try to make pay you well. I did so want to write you a long letter, and give you some life experience of an individual who has known for years what it is to be branded "Free Lover." Those words, pure and heaven-born, how they have been abused and misunderstood! You call for facts whereby to illustrate. Let woman but open her mouth and speak the truth, and you can have enough of them. We know what legal marriage means; we know it well. We know it means prostitution; we know it means degradation; we know it means slavery of the most debasing kind, and destruction to the human family. But it, too, is fated and must die. In this busy rush of events and change, we scarce have time to count our corpses. It pains me to learn of your needs and be so powerless to help you. Yet I can aid you some, and where I can it is my greatest pleasure to do so, also my imperative duty. I can ask mortals to help you (the angels will do it without); and not only you, but all living, by assisting in this great work of demolition—this opening out of the black swamps of ignorance and fetid vice. I can put your paper in the hands of many; and I can tell them plainly, too, that I believe our present marriage system is the root of all evil, and how and why I think so, without feeling that any should scorn or condemn me for it. If all who believe this could have the courage to proclaim it openly, how much it would facilitate the cause. But it does seem, dear sister, as though every drop of your precious blood must be exhausted, poured out at our feet, ere the great spirit of goodness that must—yes, does—live in the human heart will come forth in a mass to help and protect you, and give renewed strength to prosecute this most momentous cause. In our vicinity we have many believers, but few workers. You have been West, propose to come again, and I write to entreat you to come further than Iowa. Yes, please, do give us a call at Nebraska. Drop us a line, and say that you will come to Nebraska city, and also state what the conditions of your coming are. The community want to be electrified by your living, glorious self. Say but that you will come, and we shall make preparation to give you no mean welcome. I feel that there will be no lack of good and worthy helpers in such an enterprise. Also, allow me to invite you to our State capital. Feel quite sure that you would be cordially received, and, I trust, not regret visiting our young and beautiful State. I feel that it is a time when many hands are needed to do public service, and I almost chafe like a caged bird because at present I must be tied down to domestic labor, when my soul longs so to do service elsewhere. I suppose we must try to be patient and do as we can. I read a discourse a few months since in our depot town, Syracuse—Subject: "Marriage, Social Freedom, Free Suffrage and General Reform." We were favored with a good audience, nor did we meet with one dissenting voice. I hoped to do more service in a similar way, but other cares have stepped in and monopolized my strength and most of my time. Still, I hope and wait, willing to grasp my opportunity to do good; and I think it is good to break every shackle that tends to fetter the aspiring soul of man, and woman, too. I sit down to write a hasty note; it has grown lengthy, and yet my heart swells to tell you volumes that I cannot now. Please send me one of Mr. Train's "Pagan Bibles," for which I inclose the needful. My sympathy to him, and love and regards to your sister Tennie. If you see proper to do so, and will send me a few copies of the "Pagan Bible" to sell for you, I will do so free of charge; or, in other words, return to you the retail price. I think I could dispose of a few copies readily.

Please accept from your friend and sister,

Emerson, Otoe, Neb.

Mrs. L. T. F. DAVIS.

"WHAT WILL THIS BABBLER SAY" NOW?

Dear Sisters—I am informed by two or three friends that some of the expressions in my published letters relating to the great preacher of Plymouth Church have created the impression that I feel personally inimical to him. Having no reason for this, I have endeavored by disavowal to avoid it, but it seems with not sufficient plainness to accomplish my intent. I beg, therefore, to be permitted further to say, that while the evidence of his guiltiness of the acts charged against him have been satisfactory to my own mind, that it is not of the acts, but of their peculiar character or quality, against which my animadversions have been directed, since, under certain circumstances and for specific reasons, they would have been perfectly or scripturally legitimate, and the reverse under and for others.

To be brief, if Mr. Beecher had honestly and squarely met the preferred charges by denial or acknowledgment, I should have accepted the former as entitled to full credence, at least until proofs shall have been adduced sufficient to outweigh such denial; while the latter would have afforded assurance of his honesty and the integrity of his motives, and I should, in company, doubtless, with a host of friends, have as cheerfully, as willingly shared with him, for the truth's sake, all of the obloquy and shame and contempt that could have been imposed upon him by another host of opposers we know certainly to be far removed from guiltlessness.

Beecher's greatest fault is in preaching the law for others instead of the gospel, and living a bad imitation of the latter himself. (Read Galatians 2d and 11th to conclusion, especially 14th and 16th verses.)

If this may not interfere with paramount interests of your publication, will you oblige me with space for it.

Ever yours,

S.

FASHION—NO. IV

Many observers of educated characteristics and their causes agree in the belief that women's style of dress has marked effects on the character of men; and that the present incentives to their attractions form strong arguments in favor of a radical change of prevailing styles.

Among those who have publicly expressed this opinion, Mrs. E. C. Stanton can be quoted. She said: "The lack of gallantry felt by men toward women in the reform dress was one of the potent arguments in its favor;" and her view was echoed through the land by thinkers on moral subjects, of both sexes. Any sane person of medium reasoning and observing powers, who will take a little time to reflect, will perceive that attractions between the sexes should be first intellectual, then moral and spiritual; and that a goodly understanding of tastes, habits and general character should precede conjugal attraction. In civilized communities of highly developed people this would probably occur; and conditions favorable to it should be sought. Such cases form exceptions under conditions inherited from the ignorant past and confused present. Although magnetic blendings do not wait the bidding of reason, they should bide her decision; and the cultivated will may prove the ability to prevent blendings. Under any influence, if that which should be last appears first it should be held in abeyance till mature acquaintance either sanctions or dispels it. This view generally inculcated and coupled with a proper dress for females would rapidly elevate our social status, and bring timely redemption to the dear, abused children for whose ignorance we are morally responsible; but for whose knowledge respecting the most important traits in their natures and actions in their lives, no persons or institutions now stand sponsors or raise guide marks. On the contrary, our customs in dress, in diet, in countenancing mawkish, vicious sentiments, urge forward precocious activities—their tender bodies are poisoned by condiments—their fancies made morbid by suppressed answers to their innocent queries—their affections tinged with vulgar curiosities; and these lay the basis of dwarfed characters and depraved lives; whereas every means should be used to feed with knowledge their early mental hunger, and rear them to true, happy supporters of coming progress for on-coming ages.

O, mothers and fathers! are you so supine from fear of scoffs or greed of gain—so warped by aristocratic display, prudery, or the apeing of power, that you can forego the culture that promises most for the high unfoldment and permanent happiness of angelic buds of immortality—these parents of the next generation?

A kindly co-operation of the sexes, both able to perform the duties legitimately devolving on them, would make easy the adoption of the reforms requisite to quiet the discord of our complaining country, and unite in fraternal ties the countries of the globe.

Let women make that commencement which will enable them to proceed, and various motives will induce men to acquiesce. But, as yet, comparatively few men look kindly on the great questions looming up before us. They lack that faith in women which would light the star of enthusiasm for themselves! To enlarge that faith let women so energize their physical that their mental powers can be devoted to humanitarian improvements, and thus prove their capacity for service in the general well-being. Can they do this while bowing to the dominion of fashion—bostowing time, strength, means on the all-absorbing demands? Can men believe them sincere, and cease to off-set their affectations with inconstancy—can they accept them as peers while they tempt them to triflings, the re-action of which is scorn?

M. E. TILLOTSON.

[From the Statesman, Marshall, Mich., May 7.]

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

The Tilton-Beecher matter is again prominently before the public. Mr. Tilton has published a letter which was written to Mr. Bowen, of the Independent, in 1871, immediately after Tilton's dismissal from the Independent and Brooklyn Union. It charges Beecher with all that was said against him by Mrs. Woodhull, and, if true in itself, substantiates the assertions made by her. Now, the question of the guilt or innocence of Mr. Beecher is not the one which

calls forth comment from the press. It is not the one in which the press is interested at all. Caring not from what source the effort to vindicate the right to speak freely emanates, we admire the one who dares do it, and watch anxiously any opposition that may arise to silence it. If Mrs. Woodhull accused Mr. Beecher wrongfully, the law was powerful enough to redress his wrongs; he ignored the law, and through others sought to suppress unlawfully the newspaper that had openly attacked him. They could not prevent the publication of the WEEKLY because the law was on its side. Would the parties thus brought unpleasantly before the people have attempted to suppress the *World*, the *Herald* or the *Tribune*? Why do they not suppress the *Brooklyn Eagle*? Simply because they dare not even sue them for slander. Because it was a woman who edited the WEEKLY, it was thought possible to overwhelm that paper. In this they were mistaken. Now arises the question, will free speech, when it affects men in high office, destroy a paper? We think not. If wrong has been done any man, by statements made in any newspaper, let that paper suffer the penalty of the law; but if, on the other hand, it is merely an effort to suppress the truth because it affects the standing of heretofore respected people, we claim it will require more strength than the combined power of corrupt men to silence or intimidate that most potent agent—the press.

[From the *County Post*, Cambridge, N. Y., May 9, 1873.]

THE OBSCENE LITERARY CRUSADE.

It is now nearly six months since the Woodhull and Claflin combination startled the nation by charging adultery on Henry Ward Beecher, naming in this connection one prominent lady in his church and hinting at others. The press of the country, with scarce an exception, refused to publish the story or to speak of it, in fact studiously avoided all recognition of the matter; and yet the story found its way into the interior, and the curiosity and anxiety about it is growing till the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, threatens to cover the whole heavens. Woodhull and Claflin were arrested for the publication of obscene literature in violation of United States law. This move, in our judgment, was a fatal mistake. It only served one purpose—to fan the embers and keep alive the fire. Woodhull and Claflin became at once martyrs, and the very act of arrest brought the party of free-thinkers to their side. So far as the charge of obscenity is concerned, if Mrs. Woodhull was liable on this story, every paper in the land is constantly rendering itself liable. If it were deemed of importance to notice the matter at all, Beecher should have sued for slander as ordinary individuals have to do. The ridiculous farce going on in New York of investigating the sanity of George Francis Train has grown out of the same Comstock performance, and back of that originated in the Woodhull arrest. Train's offense consisted in publishing extracts from the Bible. Comstock undertook his punishment, makes a martyr of Train, advertises him and his work all over the country.

RAVENNA, Ohio, April, 1873.

DRESS REFORM.

Tennie C. Claflin—I have just been reading your "Constitutional Equality." I wish to speak particularly of the chapters on Dress. Next to the demand for Woman's freedom, there is hardly a question so important as this. I indorse, with infinite heartiness, every word you say.

I know of no reason why women should wear longer skirts than men. There is nothing in the way of women's absolute freedom to dress according to her own judgment or fancy, except bigotry, meanness, prudery and vulgarity.

I can think of but three ideas that need be taken into account in determining the texture and style of dress, health (or comfort), convenience and taste. People should dress according to weather, business, size, shape, age and complexion.

I do not see that sex need have anything to do with it, except this: the average man is coarser than the average woman, and engages in coarser business, hence his average dress should be made of coarser material.

But I do not expect to see much accomplished in the way of dress reform until marriage is abolished. The long skirts are a fit emblem of woman's slavery. Woman's freedom means not only freedom to love, and freedom from the impositions and outrages heaped upon her in marriage, but it also means freedom to dress according to her own judgment, taste or fancy, freedom to choose her own calling, freedom to engage in anything an individualized human being may of right do. Until Free Love prevails there will not be a public sentiment that will tolerate woman in dressing as she chooses. Women, as a rule, are not able to encounter the base and brazen-faced rabble of moralists that infests every street corner. None but Free Lovers truly respect woman, or seem to realize that she is possessed of the rights of a human being.

You cannot be too highly honored for your good sense and courage in putting on a sensible dress, if only to have your likeness taken. I hope to live to see the day when you can wear such a dress regularly, without being liable to be annoyed by blackguards.

Yours for Woman's Freedom,

FRANCIS BARRY.

I took up my pen to make a confession of what I intended never to reveal, but your last issue in speaking, (No. 1.) of the "sexual desires of children," has called me out, and I must speak. I am an old woman nearly sixty years of age, and forty years have been an invalid, from a cause wholly unknown to any one but myself. And I am frank to confess that you have not overrated the suffering attendant on such a course of youthful folly and infatuation. I married late in life, have borne three children, one still living, the others, premature births, dead. And almost every hour of pregnancy was marked by pain, or some unnatural, uncomfortable sensation; and I am led to believe that much more is

indured from this one cause than we have generally supposed.

But perhaps one-half of the marriages are really worse for the wife than even this self-indulgence.

And as we cast our eyes over the world, and contemplate the alarming ignorance which exists upon this important subject, and when we see how slowly it can be reached, I stand aghast at the amazing amount of suffering that must be endured, and the great amount of work to be done, and the wrong prejudices to be got out of the way before this reform can be successfully inaugurated. The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the bright angels encamp around about thee, and may you live to see the fulfillment of your highest wishes, is the prayer of

EXPERIENCE.

BOSTON, April 28, 1873.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—I have just been reading one of the back numbers of the WEEKLY: a mother's story, by Laura C. Smith. It's a beautiful production, and believe me when I say that as I read it in certain parts, the tears ran down my cheeks; like the tears of my early childhood.

May Laura Cuppy Smith live long and ever enjoy the confidence and love of a beautiful daughter. I shall show her article to my own young sister, a girl of sixteen, for I have never yet seen anything in your journal unfit to be placed into my sister's hands.

I am reminded further of this idea. You are conducting your paper splendidly of late. You are doing womankind a great service, and I would ask if it would not be a good idea to make mention of that book (in the way of book reviews), "Parturition without Pain," by Dr. Holbrook. I am convinced that there could be great good done through mention of this book by you.

Think of the tens of thousands of suffering girls and women throughout the world who are undergoing the most excruciating pain in child-birth, and who can be relieved by reading the work referred to. Yours truly for reform, WILLIAM BEN. WRIGHT.

A person seventy-three years old, says in a private letter: "I am the father, grand-father and great-grand-father of more than forty children, and in their interests, when I read your two articles on sexual vice in children, I felt as if I could fall at your feet and thank you in their name."

SPIRITUALISTIC.

TO SPIRITUALISTS, FREE RELIGIONISTS AND INDEPENDENT CHRISTIANS—GREETING:

BY JOHN BROWN SMITH.

Brothers and Sisters—Awake, arise! The clouds of error and bigotry are breaking away while the spiritual, liberal, cultured, independent champions of free religion, free press, free speech, free thought and free independent action are noiselessly floating down the turbid, stream of sectarianism, without even recognizing the great central principle of individualism, which has shed its bright effulgent rays of freedom from the sun of truth down through the morning, noon and night of the centuries. The time has come when the majesty, power and glory of the vital element in the grand spiritual movement, which has fed the hungry soul in the religions of all races, shall be proclaimed from every independent religious rostrum in the entire world. A brief consideration and analysis will reveal a common element in all religious movements.

The visions, dreams, inspirations, revelations and so-called supernatural or natural phenomena of the prophets, seers and mediums found recorded in the traditions in the profane and Biblical records of all nations, are reproduced in this present age in accordance with the conditions required by well-established spiritual and natural laws; and even more astounding results than have ever been produced in the crude ages of the past are common at present. These facts and phenomena have been the common element that binds the religion of the past with the present. The facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism explain these mysteries in accordance with the demands of science. Spiritual phenomena, instead of forming a basis to erect a new religion upon, is simply and must ultimately be recognized as the vital principle of all religion. This basis is not founded upon belief or faith, but upon actual knowledge, such as forms the demonstrative base of any science. Spiritualism is not only the vital germ of truth in all religions, but it is the oldest religion of humanity in existence.

Spiritualism is the only universal religion of humanity, because it has always existed throughout the eternity of the past, and has had an existence and expression on earth, ever since life animated the cells or atoms of matter. It has been a matter of knowledge to all races, whether they have written Bibles or are dependent on the Great Unwritten or Progressive Bible of Life. This knowledge has been handed down by traditions and records in the one case, and the living inspiration of the seers, prophets and mediums of every age in the other.

Spiritualism is the only religion which can lay claim to the dignity of a true science and philosophy of life, because it demonstrates through facts and phenomena, that the soul of things retains its identity in the future life; in fact, it stands pre-eminent and alone as the only religion that gives a part of substantial evidence in support of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. It has caused the misty veil of faith to vanish before the stubborn facts of spiritual science, as presented through the individual organisms of mediums. It has raised theology from the low standard of mythological dogmatism and creed, and placed it upon an eternal foundation of natural law, which claims recognition, not only as a science and philosophy of life, but as the immortal and eternal father of all the sciences.

Spiritualism is the only religion which recognizes the general and universal character of inspiration, as being on a parallel with its facts and phenomena; both alike are the intelligent results of spirit power, which is made manifest to us through the operation of spiritual, psychological, me-

chanical, electrical, chemical and magnetic laws; or, in other words, natural laws. The inspired authors of all the Bibles of ancient and modern times were spiritualists, and their inspiration bears the distinctive features of their own individual character; just in the measure that their characters were perfect have they left to humanity true and perfect teachings.

Jesus was a bold, radical, free thinking Spiritualist, fired with a burning flame of love for men and women, because they were such. He was thoroughly individualized in the expression of the glorious truths of the religion of humanity—the religion of love and duty.

The Mother Catholic Church has always held to the doctrine of the communion of the saints; but unfortunately they have held it as something sacred only to their priesthood, in strange contradiction to the practice and teachings of Jesus, whom they claim as the founder of their faith. This fatal mistake on their part prepared the way for Martin Luther to assert the right of independent private judgment in the interpretation of all inspired Scripture. This was a decided step in advance of the Mother Christian Church. It is well known that Luther, the founder of the Protestant Reformation, was a Spiritualist, as it is an historical fact that he saw a spirit whom he supposed to be the evil one, and he hurled his inkstand at him!

John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, was a Spiritualist, as is proven by his private journals as well as by his private writings to Emanuel Swedenborg.

Emanuel Swedenborg, the founder of the sect that bears his name, was a Spiritualist, as is well known by those who are familiar with his writings.

The founders of all religions and sects that believe through faith, or have an actual knowledge of the future life as far as we can obtain that knowledge without a living experience, have been, and are, Spiritualists in the broad and liberal sense of the term. They were thoroughly individualized and original in the expression of their ideas, thus demonstrating that independent individualism has always in the past been the moving fulcrum of free thought and progress.

The whole history of the religious movement known as Modern Spiritualism is characterized by one prominent feature, one universal effort of the spirit world to thoroughly individualize each Spiritualist throughout the entire world. This has been for a wise and beneficent purpose. The past subservience of the masses of humanity to dominant creeds and dogmas had to be broken up, and a new order of things instituted; free thought or individual freedom alone could set humanity free from the bondage of their slavery, and from the censorship of tyrants, who feared and hated free religion, free speech, free thought, free press and free action; hence the grand, universal effort of the world of power to strengthen in their weakest parts the characters of the masses who comprise this movement. This, perhaps, is more apparent in the case of woman, who has been less individualized in her ideas and opinions, as well as far more circumscribed in the exercise of a free choice of occupation than her brother man. The result of this onward impulse has been that, never in the world's history has there been such evidence of the individuality of woman. Woman stands out to-day as a free and independent exponent of original principles, ideas and thoughts in the literature of the age. She graces the pulpit and rostrum; she ministers to the sick in body as well as the sick in soul, and takes her place side by side with man as a physician. She speaks before the bar of justice with all the forensic power and eloquence of man; she sits on the bench and dispenses justice with equal learning and dignity as her old time oppressors, and metes punishment to man for his misdoings; she exhibits her devotion to all the reforms of the age by devoting her lifelong energies to their adoption. She enters the political arena and deposits her vote in the ballot-box, and it counts in the final decision with equal potency as man's; she aspires to fill all places of honor in all grades of office which are in the gift of the people; she is found in government and public; she is found in the avenues of science, art and invention; her nimble fingers are busy in all branches of commerce, industry and agriculture.

This individualization of woman is largely due to the angelic impulse given within, as well as without, the modern Spiritual movement. It rounds out and cultivates the weak points in the character of the masses. This is the normal method of evolution or growth in all nature; her processes of growth and development, without a solitary exception, are carried forward from the individual standpoint in all departments of creation or formation. How absurd to even entertain the thought that spiritual methods of unfoldment are in opposition to natural law.

The history of progressive freedom from the remotest antiquity has been one continual contest between individual freedom and despotic organization. The crushed individuality of the people has ever wrested from the grasp of organized religious and political usurpations their natural rights to a more enlarged liberty of thought and action. This continuous struggle for individual freedom in the Old World has prepared their sons on the American continent for the reception and appreciation of the glorious results yet to be attained through self-government—the highest order of government ever possible for man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editors Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly—A lady friend requests me to remit you three dollars for the WEEKLY, after I loaned her the last one to read Addie Ballou's letter. That explained satisfactorily why an article of mine, sent to the sectarian paper, *R. P. Journal*, was not noticed, as it indorsed Miss Ballou's letter, remonstrating against the call for only such spiritualists that had been baptized in the spiritual creeds, as laid down by said conventional terms, after proper credential, presented by delegates in good standing (wonder who could decide) and respectability. I never attended a church convention, neither a spiritualist's, but suggested to Mr. Jones that the Cincinnati meeting would "smack" strongly of sectarianism by such close, common ideas, and that spiritualists had not been landed from the

"Christian ship" long enough to turn and persecute those that differed in opinions. I was not as shrewd as Mrs. Bellew to retain the copy, else I would send the verbatim letter. Now I know the paper, and will not trust a liberal item again, for I can get a refusal of such in our "Baptist" paper without losing a stamp in the waste-basket of the *Religio*. If I do not believe that Mrs. Woodhull is right in defending Beecher in promiscuity, I do think she is exalted to the highest pinnacle of justice in condemning men equally with women in prostitution; and the pivot of social reform, she very well understands, will not make "irregularities" of men an "unpardonable" sin of woman—Comstock's obscenity dodge to the contrary notwithstanding. It is evident that a radical and conservative spiritualist party are following in the lead of the past religious and political movement; "but what of it," if some are not so constituted to advance as rapidly as others in the new dispensation? If those that are thirsting for more knowledge to solve the problems of life and elevate humanity by direct practical efforts, instituted by the invisible intelligence, in the name of common sense must they be stigmatized with the same bigoted intolerance as was meted to those, twenty-five years ago, that produced the tiny raps, and were contented to know that friends do return and say that they are "quite well, and are happy to see all present?" If the phenomenal is the criterion of truth, and age is to give prestige to ideas, "Christna" is worthy of our highest esteem, having precedence of manifesting to worshipers. However Victoria may differ in spiritual labors from primitive investigators, they have no right to say she is not controlled by higher intelligences than are directing earthly affairs. She has proven to thousands her clairvoyant powers and prophetic utterances that entitles her to the same respect from all believers in spirit communion by virtue of these gifts as the "philosopher" that expatiates so deeply upon the "Laws of Nature;" that spiritualism unfolds but fails to reach mankind by the metaphysical reasoning, they being accustomed for ages to hear moral sermons and far-fetched theories, that it has become tinkling brass, having no weight toward actual regeneration. This fearless woman proposes to show the difference between practicing and preaching. Truth stands shivering at the *expose*, for the world is too cold and uncongenial yet to clothe it in the more affectionate garb that must be a Saviour in the name of a love surpassing the base sensuality that has ever predominated, bringing ruin and misery into the world. Probing the cause of women's degradation and children's entailed vices ought to be the angels' mission, and they have, we trust, found willing ears and strong minds enough to execute their will in this age of corrupting earthly influences. They were too wise to look for infallibility in Victoria any more than other mediums. But one thing the world must acknowledge, that she stands in fear more of this higher power than earthly potentates, be they in the church or Spiritualists' convention.

MRS. ANNIE T. DWYER.

ST. LOUIS, May 7, 1873.

Woodhull & Clafin's Weekly—The time has arrived to handle all reformatory subjects on their merit as truths: the practice of dwarfing them and equivocating so as to make them palatable to popular prejudice must cease. If we, as reformers, are to act a prominent part in the world's regeneration, it must come through a bold announcement of our highest conception of truth, unbiased by any motives of self-interest or cowardly toadying to conventional ignorance.

Unfortunately there are too many of this class of self-styled reformers occupying the rostrum at this day, who are retarding the work of progressive thought rather than aiding it forward.

A state of freedom must precede a state of natural good, the ignoring of this vital truth has been the fatal error of modern Spiritualists. The fact of their taking issue with the churches on some points have placed them in antagonism to dogmatic rule, hence the malicious attacks made upon infidel reforms; their apparent weak points are blatantly hurled upon the shoulders of their advocates to crush them in an avalanche of prejudiced indignation even before they are properly explained or tested on principle.

All transitions for a time seem fated to create turmoil, it is the inevitable result of a natural law. As the storm stirs the ocean to its depths and keeps its waters pure, so reforms, like electric flashes, shocks society and brings all its crooked phases to the surface. 'Tis but the scum upon the boiling sugar and needs but the skimming to purify it.

The evils apparently resulting from these innovations on established custom are not the effect of reform, but truly the filth coming to the surface from the depths of superstitious ignorance caused by reform agitation.

Are we desirous of allying ourselves with a class of people whose every movement is governed by conventional rule?

Think you they are the pillars on which will hinge the gateway of progressive civilization?

I certainly would be putting a low estimate on human intelligence if I asserted that the great mass of Free Thinkers and intelligent Spiritualists are so blind to all principles of truth and duty of action, as the cowardly pusillanimous conduct of many of its prominent leaders would lead us to believe. Truth must be launched upon the mind of a soul-stirred humanity, like a ship afloat upon the ocean if defective and ill-manned must succumb to its storms, but if sound and well-manned will safely ride upon its troubled bosom.

Yours in humanity's interests, HENRY F. ALLEN.

LETTER FROM DR. WILLIS.

Dear Friends of the *Weekly*—You have doubtless marveled at my long silence, but could you know how wholly absorbed I am in the duties of two arduous professions, keeping me with always delicate health, perpetually wearied even to the point of exhaustion, you would no longer feel any surprise at the silence of my pen.

I have not even had time to pen you a brief note of thanks for writing me down in your roll of honor as a speaker who

dares to utter his honest convictions upon any and all subjects, and whose services cannot be secured by any party attempting the slightest dictation as to the subject matter of his lectures or the method of its treatment.

I have served the cause of Spiritualism faithfully for more than sixteen years with tongue and pen. In my opening manhood I laid upon its altar my dearest interests—my health, my reputation, my friends, my brilliant prospects for success in life—and went forth from Harvard University with the brand of impostor placed upon me by men whom I loved and honored, and who, in driving me from them, confessed that they could not pronounce me guilty of the charges that were brought against me. All this endeared my faith to me beyond the telling. To me true Spiritualism is the embodiment of all that is grand and beautiful in religion and in philosophy, and relates to every possible interest pertaining to the bodies as well as the souls of men. How, then, could I for a moment allow a padlock to be placed upon my lips to lock in the truth in relation to any subject bearing upon the weal or woe of humanity without becoming a servile slave, a cowardly poltroon?

Dear to me as are the truths of Spiritualism, and well as I love to proclaim them, my lips should remain forever silent sooner than I would accept an engagement from committee or society who should even hint at a desire to restrain me from discussing any subject I might feel myself called upon to take up.

I have regretted very much that you did not receive the portion of my 19th of January speech in Music Hall, Boston, that related to the outrage upon free speech that you had been made the honored victims of. It is a proud position to take before the world, that of martyrs to great principles. I sat up till midnight writing out a *resumé* of my lecture, which was entirely extempore, and mailed it early the next morning to your address, dropping it with my own hand in one of the street postal-boxes. But it failed to reach you. Perhaps it fell into the pious hands of some exemplary member of the Y. M. C. A. Society. If so, let us hope that some good seed might have dropped from it that even in that unpromising soil may spring up and bear fruit.

When I ascertained that the MS. had never reached you, I found it impossible to write out another report, as my mind refused to recall the substance of the lecture with any degree of accuracy. It is sufficient to say that I was told before I went to the hall that it would not answer for me to mention your name; and after I left the platform a prominent spiritualist of Boston assailed me with all the fury of a Christian bigot for having mentioned it. But with a mightier power resting upon me, and a burning inspiration thrilling through me, I rebuked that cowardly, disgraceful act that shut the halls of Boston against two weak women who might, perchance, say something that would injure the reputation of some "revered citizen," and shake the rotten foundations of church and state.

And right here I wish to put it upon record that I believe that you, noble souls, are engaged in the grandest work that ever women were called upon to perform; and although not agreeing with you, perhaps, fully in all your views, I find enough in your splendid courage and your persistent heroism to elicit my highest admiration, and enough in your work of reform to make me desire to be an earnest co-laborer with you in the reform that the world needs more than all others, nay, in the presence of which all others sink into insignificance.

I wish, also, to say that I have read with intense interest every number of your paper that has been issued since your incarceration in Ludlow-street Jail. Some of the issues have been the most remarkable papers that ever came from the American press. Repeatedly have I pronounced it the only really live paper of the day, and I think that any reformer who has the great interests of humanity more at heart than the petty interests of self, who can make the assertion that E. H. B. recently made, viz., that she had never read but one number of the paper, makes an assertion that will one day be repented of in shame and contrition of spirit that it cannot be recalled.

Indeed, this gifted lecturer's whole course in relation to you and your work has filled me with disappointment and regret, and caused me to hang my head with shame at the bitterness and narrowness of spirit she has manifested.

Excuse this hurried trespass upon your space, and believe me sincerely yours in every good work,

FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 12, 1873.

My Dear Victoria—I bless God that there is one soul in these United States sufficiently consecrated to the ideal of a new age to persist in forcing the gravest questions of the era upon the attention of the world; and I rejoice especially that that soul is enshrined in the form of a woman. I have carefully watched your career during the last two years; have listened to the praise of friends and the slander of enemies; have heard dark suspicions whispered against your motives and your life; and now, while the powers of darkness are arrayed against you, and timid friends almost lose their confidence in your integrity, I wish to assure you that I have faith both in you and your work. I understand that you do not, for the present, insist upon the adoption by society of any particular system of social ethics. You regard the whole social problem as still an open question, and wish to place it upon an equality with all disputed political and religious questions, trusting to the good sense and disciplined judgment of the future for the adoption of that scheme of living most conducive to the welfare of society.

For my own part I believe, with you, that monogamy—the union of one man and one woman in true marriage—is the highest sexual relation possible to a civilized community; but I recall the fact that our knowledge of the principles of a social science is rudimentary, and we have no business to insist upon the authoritative claims of any form of marriage or scheme of social life so long as we remain in complete or partial ignorance of social laws.

My wife—my Hope—is with me in all things. We both

feel it our duty to take a part in the work of social agitation, and are willing to incur our share of persecution, if need be. I accept your view of what should be regarded "social courtesies" between husband and wife; and from the first day of our wedded life, my wife and I have acted upon that principle. In entire freedom there results a voluntary allegiance and loyalty of each toward the other which no arbitrary restrictions can secure.

You will remember I called upon you the 16th of March, in Chicago. When I took you by the hand and looked into those earnest eyes, my faith in you was confirmed. Beneath all the eccentricities of your external life, I recognize a *divine purpose* that will confidently labor when all other hearts fail—a purpose which is a perennial fountain that will sustain and inspire you for the accomplishment of your mission.

I hope to see you in New York in June or July.

Yours for the truth as it is in freedom. E. H. WHIPPLE.

REFORMATORY LECTURERS.

In view of the determination recently manifested by certain would-be authorities in Spiritualism, and from a sincere desire to promote their expressed purposes, to set up a distinction that will produce a free and unmuzzled rostrum; we shall henceforth publish in this list the names and addresses of such speakers, now before the public and hereafter to appear, as will accept no engagement to speak from any committee of arrangement, with any proviso whatever, as to what subject they shall treat, or regarding the manner in which it shall be treated. A reformatory movement, such as Spiritualism really is, cannot afford so soon to adopt the customs of the Church and fall into its dotage. On the contrary, it demands an unflinching advocacy of all subjects upon which the Spirit world inspires their mediums under the absolute freedom of the advocate. To all those speakers who wish to be understood as being something above the muzzled ox which treads out the corn, this column is now open:

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.

J. I. Arnold, Clyde, O.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. M. F. M. Brown, National City, Cal.

Annie Denton Cridge, Wellesley, Mass.

Warren Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

A. Briggs Davis, Clinton, Mass.

Mrs. L. E. Drake, Plainwell, Mich.

Miss Nellie L. Davis, North Billerica, Mass.

Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

R. G. Eccles, Andover, Ohio.

Mrs. Elvira Hull, Vineland, N. J.

Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.

D. W. Hull, Hobart, Ind.

Charles Holt, Warren, Pa.

Anthony Higgins, Jersey City, N. J.

W. F. Jamieson, 139 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Jennie Leys, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Cephas B. Lynn, Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, Buffalo, N. Y.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.

J. H. Randall, Clyde, O.

A. C. Robinson, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. J. H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.

Laura Cuppy Smith, No. 1 Atlantic street, Lynn, Mass.

M. L. Sherman, Adrian, Mich.

John Brown Smith, 812 N. 10th st, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. H. F. Stearns, Corry, Pa.

Dr. H. B. Storer, 107 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

C. W. Stewart, Janesville, Wis.

J. H. W. Toohy, Providence, R. I.

F. L. H. Willis, Williamstown, Ct.

Lois Walsbrooker, Battle Creek, Mich.

Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, Ohio.

John B. Wolff, 510 Pearl street, N. Y.

387 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL., April 14, 1873.

Mrs. Woodhull, 48 Broad street, N. Y.—Please insert my name in the lecture list of those who will speak only on a free platform unhampered. Also insert it among the friends of the *WEEKLY* and the course, and I would it could say among your personal friends. I may be allowed that some time.

Yours freely and truthfully, H. H. BROWN.

SPARTANBURG, Crawford County, Pa., April 8, 1873.

Woodhull and Clafin—I see you have opened a column for independent lectures for those that cannot be muzzled. I am at the service of any society that can accept one that is not afraid to speak upon free love, sexual or social science, or any subject that has a tendency to build up humanity as a mass. I will send a post-office order next week.

Fraternally yours, J. D. SEELY.

HOME, CLYDE, O., May 6, '73.

Dear Sisters Victoria and Tennie—Language has meaning, words have power, yet they fail me when I would express my appreciation of the great work you are doing for woman, and, through woman, for our common humanity. None but those who have suffered, those who have drunk, as many have, the cup of sexual slavery to its bitterest dregs, can fully appreciate your work. My heart blesses you daily for all your noble words, your uniring devotion to the principles of justice, equality and freedom. Your names, engraven on the great heart of humanity as in letters of "living fire," shall live when your defamers shall have been long forgotten. My sympathies for you have been as deep and broad as your numerous persecutions. The *WEEKLY* is so grandly just and gloriously free that I dearly love it. It should be in every house; none can afford to do without it. In this revolution, this terrible struggle for freedom, a paper that tells us "how goes the battle" is indispensably necessary; hence the *WEEKLY* must live. I shall continue to labor for its increased circulation, as I ever have done, just so long as it remains true to the best interests of humanity. But I took my pen to claim the right of placing my name among the unmuzzled reformatory lecturers. This has ever been my position. Having been for many years a medium, and for the last five years engaged in the lecture field, I trust it is not necessary for me to say that the cause of spiritualism is very dear to my heart; and to me it embraces all humanity, and all the demands of humanity. There are with me no "side issues." The kind of spiritualism that seems to satisfy many of our professed spiritualists would not satisfy me, feeling assured that no individual is worthy the name of reformer until, for the sake of truth, they are ready to lay themselves upon the altar of public sentiment a willing sacrifice. When I gave my life to the work I said to my spirit guides, if there is a truth which humanity needs, and no one else dares to speak it, give it to me. Whether the part assigned me has been faithfully performed is left with those who have heard. I want the trinity of photo's—Victoria, Tennie and Col. Blood. Shall send for them as soon as I can. Again let me say, please place my name among the unmuzzled.

Ever for freedom, justice and equality, yours truly, LUCIA H. COWLES.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In writing to us the following rules should be observed:

1st. Every letter should be plainly dated—town, county and State.

2d. When the letter is to contain a remittance, which, if a check or money order, should be made payable to Victoria B. Woodhull, the necessary explanations should be introduced at the head of the letter; a failure to observe this rule subjects the person in charge of that department to much needless reading to find out what it is all about.

3d. After definitely stating all business matters, and especially if it be a renewal or a new subscriber, then should follow any friendly words, which we are always happy to receive from all.

4th. We request those who send either articles or personal letters intended for publication to write graphically and tersely. The necessity for this will be apparent when we say that we have already in "our drawer" enough personal communications, full of words of hope, cheer and comfort to fill a dozen papers. Many of them we shall be obliged to pass over.

5th. All letters should close with the signature of the writer in full; and it should be plainly written. Many letters that we receive are so badly signed that we are obliged to guess at what the writer's name may be.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Bills for subscriptions that have expired are now being sent in the papers weekly. We specially request that all who receive them will reply to them at once. The bills are made to show what is due up to date, and also a renewal for another year. Those who do not wish to renew will please remit what is now due and order the paper discontinued. Those who wish to renew may either send both these amounts or simply a renewal for one year, or three dollars, upon receiving which a receipt for same will be returned. Again permit us to say, Do not delay doing one or the other of these things immediately.

TO NEWSMEN AND FRIENDS.

We are glad to be able to inform our friends that the American News Co. is now prepared to fill all orders from its customers, as formerly, for the WEEKLY. The inquisition which the authorities, located in this city, attempted to establish over the freedom of the press, by their arrest of ourselves and Mr. Train upon the charge of obscenity; and, perhaps, the fear that we had libelled Mr. Beecher have, until now, prevented the Company from supplying its customers. Hundreds of newsmen have, in the meantime, received notice that the Company does not furnish the WEEKLY, and they will now be obliged to renew their orders before they will be filled. Will our friends everywhere take the trouble to inform their newsmen of this change in the relation of the Company to the WEEKLY.

SEND IN THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Our friends all over the country must remember that we are now in the very heat of the battle; that Mr. Train having been got rid of, the Beecher-Bowen-Comstock conspiracy will feel at liberty to turn its attention to us. Let it not be said that we were forgotten in this emergency by those who, from sympathy for the cause to which we are devoted, should stand by and with us. Our arrangements are such that, let them do what they may, and the treatment of Train shows they can do anything, the paper will be regularly issued; then, we repeat, send in the subscriptions.

PREMIUMS TO CLUBS.

In a short time we intend to present the most magnificent schedule of premiums for new subscribers and clubs that was ever offered, as an introduction to which we now present the following:

For every subscription (from one to four) received we will send the WEEKLY one year and one of the dollar photographs—Woodhull, Claflin or Blood.

For every club of five subscribers—fifteen dollars—five copies of the WEEKLY one year, five photographs and one copy of "Constitutional Equality, a right of woman," by Tennie C. Claflin, price \$2.00.

For every club of ten subscribers—thirty dollars—ten copies of the WEEKLY, ten photographs and one copy each of "The Principles of Government," by Victoria C. Woodhull, price \$3; and "Constitutional Equality" (each book containing steel-plate engraving of the author).

For every club of twenty subscribers—sixty dollars—twenty copies of the WEEKLY one year, forty photographs and two copies each of "The Principles of Government" and "Constitutional Equality."

For every club of thirty or more subscribers, accompanied by three dollars for each subscriber, thirty copies of the WEEKLY one year, ninety photographs and one each of the books—"The Principles of Government" and "Constitutional Equality"—for every ten subscribers; and

For a club of fifty subscribers—one hundred and fifty dollars—fifty copies of the WEEKLY one year, fifty photographs, a set of the books and a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

A SPECIFIC FUND.

"An Old Subscriber," a friend to the purposes of the WEEKLY, writes us from Hyde Park, Mass., proposing to be one of two hundred persons to contribute twenty dollars each to raise a fund with which to purchase a press, types, etc., for the WEEKLY, so that the difficulties under which we labor, in having to pass the surveillance of lawyers before going to press each week, may be obviated.

We have mentioned the proposition to several friends, and it is considered by them to be feasible and eminently proper; and we have concluded, therefore, to lay the proposition before our readers and friends, and ask them to consider it. So favorably has the matter been received by those to whom we have mentioned it, that we have already secured fifteen subscribers to the fund.

We do not propose that any money shall be paid until the whole amount required—four thousand dollars—is subscribed, when some proper party may be appointed to receive the money, and purchase and hold the materials in trust, for our use, until such time as we may be able to reimburse the subscribers to the fund.

If this proposition find favor with our friends, let the names be sent in immediately; and should more than two hundred offer, then the assessment of each may be reduced.

THE MONSTER SCANDAL.

The immense sale of No. 128, containing the Beecher-Tilton Scandal entire, just as it appeared in the November 2d number, for which we were really arrested; and the *Thunderbolt*, issued by Edward H. G. Clark, of Troy, N. Y., containing Tilton's "true story," exploded by Victoria C. Woodhull, shows the interest in this scandal to be still unabated. This, without exception, is the most remarkable paper ever issued from any press, and will shake the country from centre to circumference, carrying home to every soul the conviction that something must be done to remedy the terrible social conditions. Everybody in the country should obtain a copy of this paper to keep, since it will become historical and be remembered in after ages, as having stood the test of the combined powers of State and Church, in their attempt to protect the reputations of "revered citizens," by suppressing the paper that dare attack them. Orders from all parts of the world immediately filled. Single copies, 10 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00; \$7.00 per hundred, \$60.00 per thousand.

THE NOBILITY OF MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD;
OR, THE PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS OF CHARACTER.

One of the strangest contradictions of human reason or human judgment, or lack of judgment, is the admiration universally given to a noble manhood and its evidences as exhibited in the affairs of life, and the almost as universal degradation and condemnation that is attached to the department of nature that makes this characteristic possible. Everybody worships at the shrine of physical and moral courage; but everybody pretends to look in disgust upon the basis of that courage. Everybody admires dignity, self-possession, gallantry and a commanding, magnetic presence in man; but everybody pretends to condemn the foundation out of which they spring. On the contrary, everybody is disgusted with cowardice, servility and fawning, and shrinks with abhorrence from all contact with their subjects; but everybody pretends to almost deify the lack of the very qualities that produce these things. In a word, everybody worships manliness in man and womanliness in woman, while pretending to class as satanic the very capacities upon which manliness and womanliness are built; and everybody abhors men and women who are only so in form, lacking the characteristics

which make them so in spirit and fact, while pretending to class as saintlike the absence of the very passions that legitimately produce such abortions.

The foundation of all manly and womanly character is in the dominant capacity of the sexual passion. Without this no man or woman is ever really grand, noble or great. Its centre lies at the base of the brain, and all the rest of the brain is built upon it. Its centre is the basis of character, and every other characteristic is built upon it. If this be weak and small, or diseased and demoralized, so will the general character of the individual be the same. It is as impossible to have a firm, grand character built upon a weak amateness as it is to have an immense building safely based upon a rotten foundation. And yet almost everybody pretends to hold to an entirely opposite theory.

We would not be understood to say that all characters are great, grand and noble which have large amative capacities as a foundation. By no means. Immense sexual power, unaccompanied by correspondingly developed intellectual and moral capacities, produces brutality in man and beastliness in woman; but we do wish to be understood to say that, let the intellectual and moral capacities be as large as they may, if unaccompanied by a corresponding sexuality, they can never produce a grand character either in man or woman. Go over all the great men and women of the past, that greatness being developed in whatever direction, and it will be found that all of them possessed this physiological basis of character largely developed; and it is impossible for a man or woman ever to accomplish anything of magnitude or importance who does not have this basis upon which to stand, and from which to receive strength by which to carry forward what their other capacities plan.

The same that is true of animals is also true of men. Observe the docile ox and spiritless gelding, made so by loss of that capacity which would give them spirit as animals, while the most deplorable object of whom it is possible to imagine is an unsexed man; and women shrink in loathing from one who, by sexual vice or excesses, has virtually reduced himself to this condition. Another fact as bearing in the same direction is this: that a known *roue* is never evaded by women to whom his character is known. Being rich they are acceptable to and courted by the best families as suitable husbands for their daughters; while it is coming to be well known that men rather seek than avoid the society of women known to have large amative natures, even if they reside in so-called haunts of vice.

Now, all these facts give the lie to the universal pretense of deprecation that is lavished upon the sexual passion, and go to substantiate what is really so—that it is this feature of character which, more than all others is the subject of admiration and worship. But all this impacted mass of hypocrisy regarding sexuality, upon which our present social system is founded, has a legitimate starting point as well as a legitimate cause of continuation. The exercise of any capacity in a manner repugnant to a high moral sense reduces that capacity to a degraded position, and weaves all its holy instincts about with deformity and infamy, and thus through the unhallowed licentiousness of men madly seeking a satisfaction only found in reciprocal love and failing to find it, and the enforced prostitution of women with no other method of support except their sex, which is subsidized by their maintenance, has the universal pretension arisen that sexuality is disgraceful and only ought to be mentioned in dark places and away from all observation; in a word, sex has been consigned to darkness, and there it is left to run riot, away from all the light that investigation and science ought to shed upon it.

Physicians, physiologists, anatomists, phrenologists and all classes of persons who make the human body a study, know all these things, and have known them for years; nevertheless, they have left them to be proclaimed by a weak woman, already under the ban of society for having told too many unpalatable truths about the rotten social system, and for having made public what everybody knew secretly: that marriage, as it exists to-day, is nothing but a system of licensed prostitution and rape, more horrible in its details and effects than any Social Evil Bill that was ever passed by any legislative body.

And it is this hiding away of this question that gives it all its power for ill. It needs to be dragged from its place of consignment, examined, analyzed, systematized and reduced by a scientific formulation, so that it may become as familiar as any of the sciences and as easily understood. As it now stands, this capacity is left to run to weeds, as young men are left to unrestrictedly sow their "wild oats," from which comes a large portion of the present sexual demoralization and disaffection, that, in the name of morality, passes for our social system.

Sexuality equally with the intellect and morals requires an enlightened culture, instead of being left to itself to sprout and shoot in whatsoever direction. It is a natural capacity, capable of direction by education as are all other capacities; and it is to be valued in proportion to its extent and culture as are all other capacities. When it is thus reduced to the guidance of the intellect and the moral sense of the individual, it is as much under their control as are the other appetites and senses. These being trained from early childhood, are developed under the teachings of experience, and are never left to burst upon the individual and to sweep him from himself ere he knows really by what power he is impelled.

Moreover, when this capacity is developed under the enlightened guidance of scientific knowledge, based upon

nature and verified by experience, its action will be just as naturally self-regulative as is the demand for food and drink. Whoever eats or drinks immoderately or insufficiently learns the penalty by suffering the consequences; but this capacity of sexuality being left to develop to its utmost power without any direction, and without even the endeavor to place it under the management of reason, arrives at its flood-tide, and, breaking forth, hurls the individual irresistibly into ungovernable excess, over which neither reason nor moral sense can assume control until the work of demoralization is effectually completed, when morality and intellect count for nothing.

And thus the world is driving onward to its own destruction by a power whose character and possibilities are entirely unknown, but when once understood and formulated, will transform it into a paradise of happiness, with which no external storms can interfere.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

At last Mr. Train is really on trial upon the indictment for publishing an obscene paper—*The Train Lique*. After exhausting all methods to evade this trial the authorities are compelled to face the music of their own band. It seems to us that they have come to this with a sort of sheer desperation. Having failed to get rid of him on bail and on the insanity dodge, they are now face to face with the demon they have themselves evoked. What will they do with it remains to be seen.

The history of the case is remarkable, and since it is really a part of our own we will go back and review it. Immediately on our arrest, November 2, by the Beecher-Bowen-Comstock conspiracy, aided, abetted and executed by the United States authorities in their capacity as the protectors of the reputations of revered citizens, Mr. Train at once came to our defense and was the first and for a long time, with Mrs. Meriwether, of Memphis, the only one who dared lift a voice in our behalf. He boldly declared the damnable character of the conspiracy, and discovered the intention to rush us rapidly to trial and conviction, and in "ten days," as the prosecution bragged, to have us in Sing-Sing. At that time we could scarcely credit that such infamous outrages could be perpetrated upon anybody in the name and under the authority of law; but we have learned that such practice is not unfrequently resorted to, to get rid, in the shortest time, of those who may prove dangerous persons to revered citizens. A lawyer who was interested in the prosecution had the audacity to call on us at Ludlow and say that we were going to be "railroaded." With all this before us we began to awaken to the real danger and to comprehend that justice is the merest farce, and that courts are the machines to whitewash or blackwash whomsoever may be brought before them.

Mr. Train, however, knew all this before, and continually warned us that we were blind to what was intended, and right valiently did he come to our rescue. He issued No. 1 of the *Train Lique*, in which he defied the authorities to arrest him, publishing in every conceivable manner all we had published, which was charged as obscene, and other things a hundred times more so. This failing to arouse action on the part of the Y. M. C. A., he published *Lique* No. 2, in which he arraigned the Bible for obscenity, to show the hypocrisy and inconsistency of this set of persons for arresting us for obscenity, when the Bible, which they pretend to believe to be the infallible word of their God, is so horribly indecent, vulgar and obscene, that it shocks even the degraded brute to listen to its sentences.

Besides these choice selections from Holy Writ, Mr. Train wrote strong satires and epigrams, none of which, however, were any approach to what he quoted from the Bible. This broadside was more than the Y. M. C. A. could endure. They must arrest Train or release us. They chose to arrest Train. And now, after nearly six months and the failure of all other methods to get rid of him, he is brought to trial.

But now a question arises: Can Mr. Train receive a fair and just trial? This is the first time in the history of criminal jurisprudence in this country that literature was ever brought to trial. The freedom of the public press has heretofore been sacredly guarded, and all journals have, *en masse*, raised their voice against any abridgment of this freedom. But here, when a most flagrant attempt to impeach it is made, the whole press is silent, and the Y. M. C. A. is permitted to push on in their course unrebuked.

We have no doubt that all possible care will be observed by Mr. Train's counsel to insure an impartial jury. But under our present jury system it is impossible, simply, that Mr. Train should be tried by a "jury of peers." This is a question of literary freedom, and what can an ordinary jury be expected to know about literature. The jury that should try Mr. Train should consist of Bible students and poets and well-known authors. These and these only can be competent to try him justly, not because of any dishonesty on the part of the jury that is impaneled, but simply because they are incompetent to try the real question at issue in this case.

It is true that Mr. Train in the *Lique* gave, besides choice quotations from the Bible, characteristic headings to them; but these are all warranted by the language of the quotations—hence he cannot be convicted upon these and the Bible stand uncondemned. In a word, if Mr. Train is convicted of obscenity, it is not he that will be convicted, but the whole Christian religion based upon the Bible, which un-

til now has stood to them as God's Word, simple and pure, to question which was to merit hell.

But should the question turn upon the subject of intent, the prosecution will be no better off. What was the intent? Plainly to expose the outrage that had been perpetrated upon the freedom of the press in arresting us for obscenity, when to all clear minds there was not even a shadow of that character, neither in fact nor intent; but, on the contrary, not a single vulgar word, while the intent was, according to the hypocrites themselves, in the interests of morality.

We do not believe the jury can find Mr. Train guilty, but if they do so it will open up a question before which even the movers in this matter may well quake in terror. If the very basis of the thing that is called religion, that upon which the Christians intend to build a new government, be so obscene, vulgar and indecent that a person must be sent to Sing Sing for merely quoting and commenting upon it, then, indeed, shall there a retribution come to them that shall sweep them as chaff before the wind until not so much as a so-called Christian shall be found up and down the earth. The people as a whole are patient, enduring and generous, but once let them come to know the full depth of this iniquity, and their patience will turn to vengeance, their endurance to quick retribution and their generosity to stern justice; for they will be free, they will have no religious or other despotism; they will have no Christ other than truth and justice to rule over them.

We therefore call upon these people to halt and consider well what they are about to do, and well the danger they are invoking upon themselves. Let it not be said of them that they were first made mad and courted their own destruction. We are conscious that they know their power over the human soul is waning, and that they are resolved upon anything, upon any measure, to stem the tide so strongly set against them; but we hold up for their contemplation the fate of the Southern slaveholders whose destruction they are inviting upon themselves. A million lives and whole rivers of blood should be convincing arguments that the human race will have freedom. We hope this baptism will not again be demanded; but if they persist let the result be on their heads, and may God have mercy upon their souls.

[NOTE.—This editorial was prepared before Mr. Train's trial was brought to a sudden and unexpected termination by Judge Davis sending him to the asylum at Utica for insanity; but to preserve the connection of our treatment of the case we permit the editorial to stand.—Ed.]

THE PLATFORM OF THE EQUAL-RIGHTS PARTY—EIGHTH PLANK.

"That there should be but one system of money and currency, and that the public credit should be its basis, and the national faith its value."

There is an old saying "that money is the root of all evil," which, whether sound or not, has obtained general currency as a theory; but as a practice everybody seems desirous of getting all of the root that comes within the range of their possibilities; in other words, the practices of the people deny the truth of their theories, as much in the domain of money as in the several other departments of life. A philosopher has only to take the theories of a people and to assume an entirely opposite application to learn their practices. And so it is in reference to money, which, though it be the very devil incarnate, is sought by all as the one thing needful for this life.

But is money really the terrible demon the old saying would make it to be? A full and emphatic yes! to the superficial observer, would seem to be the only reply possible. Wherever we look abroad into the world all the schemes that are planned and executed by which to obtain something for nothing have money as their incentive. All lying, cheating, stealing, and almost all crime, have the same general cause; thousands, ay, millions of people, spending all their time, talent and strength in various efforts to obtain what they have not produced; in other words, to obtain what belongs of right to others.

The existence of money which never added a single dollar to the wealth of the world makes necessary several professions, employing many thousands of people in non-productive pursuits. If there were no such thing as money there would be little need for lawyers and for courts, and their numerous officials; nor any need for one-half the legislation and executives from which the world suffers; nor again, as arising from these, for prisons, jails and police.

So, then, when the legitimate fruits of our system of money are summed up they are found to constitute almost the whole of our so-called crime. The possibility made by money of getting wealth by some other method than by labor is at the bottom of all dishonest practices and largely of all crime; but the present unorganized condition of society seems to make money in some form a necessity. Were the people fully organized into the great human family with industries and exchanges based upon natural demands, then the need for money would be abolished. So long, however, as competition instead of co-operation, or rather the scientific organization of industry to include all the people as the organization of the army includes all the soldiers, continues, there will be some form of money by which to effect exchanges and to obtain profit.

It may be assumed, then, that money is an evil made necessary by the imperfect construction of society, a medicine that partially relieves a bad disease in its organization, but which will be no longer needed when the disease is

cured. In the meantime, however, while we are obliged to use medicine, let it be of the best, most effective and least obnoxious kind. Our present money theory has no adaptation whatever to the needs of products. It serves only the purposes of non-producers who amass it by skill in trade, and who use it to subsidize the basis of all wealth—labor—and this is done so effectually that every muscle of the men and women of toil is in bonds to it, since, were it not for money, labor would have its own reward.

If, then, we must endure the evil still a little longer, let as many of its most outrageous features as possible be abolished. Deprive it of its capacity to increase itself, make it useless as a monopoly and reduce it to its legitimate uses as a means of facilitating the exchange of the products of labor, which will bring it more nearly to an accommodation and deprive it of its character as a necessity.

And next to the purely scientific basis for money—the representation of labor—the faith of the nation is the most secure and sound. No man or set of men, let them be even the Rothschilds, Astors, Stewarts and Vanderbilts of a country, can present a basis for money that shall entitle it to the faith and confidence of the people such as the nation itself affords. They are only individuals of a nation, while the nation contains these and all other men and their possessions. Besides, the faith of the nation can never be vitiated so long as it has the elements of prosperity by which to maintain itself; while the credit of men may be impugned by the loss or transfer of their property, or by unfortunate speculation, fire or theft.

We need no better proof of the superiority of national over individual money than is offered by our present system of national banking, which, though framed entirely in the interests of capital to profit on the needs of labor, is so far secure as to have national currency. Take this power away from corporations and restore it to the whole people, permitting the people as individuals to obtain it upon proper security free of cost, and one-half the evils from which labor now suffers by its use would be avoided, and its use would be restricted to advancing the interests of producers and consumers, and withdrawn from its present tendency to build up an aristocracy of wealth more intolerable to labor than was ever any political aristocracy to the people.

AUSTIN KENT ON SOCIAL FREEDOM.

This astute thinker and able and consistent writer has written a pamphlet, which is published by the Independent Tract Society of Clinton, Mass., A. Briggs Davis, Secretary, entitled "Victoria C. Woodhull and her Social Freedom." The object of this pamphlet is, as stated by the author, to define Social Freedom, which is done in a logical and unanswerable manner. The various critics on Social Freedom who are endeavoring to confuse the public mind, and who have no clearly-defined ideas of what freedom or despotism is, would do well to make themselves acquainted with the subject matter of this tract before making further attempts at criticism. Judges Holbrook and Edmonds especially come in for a scathing review, which leaves them fully exposed in all their inconsistencies.

Besides the argument, it has several supplementary articles bearing forcibly upon the main question; and altogether it is a very readable and desirable little work, not only for those who are endeavoring to find out what freedom means, but for every advanced Socialist.

HANGING NO CURE FOR MURDER.

For the last six months, scarcely a day has passed in which there has not been some article, editorial or otherwise, in the New York *Herald*, hounding on the authorities to convict and hang the persons charged with murder. To this journal, more than to any other cause or power, may the disgrace of all the legal murder that has been done be attributed. It has stirred up the spirit of revenge in the people, harangued the courts, juries and officials, until the city clamored for blood. After having accomplished all this, it seems to have had an interval of humanitarian sense, since in the issue of Sunday, May 18, we find the following:

MURDER NOT QUELLED.—Capital punishment is vaunted as a preventive of murder. We hanged Nixon on Friday, and through the country the halter has reaped a full harvest during the past week. Yet on the very night after the terrible end of Nixon in the Tombs, a negro in Sullivan street is believed to have added a monstrous homicide to miscegenation and bigamy, completing the list of his crimes by brutally killing one of the three white women with whom he had lived in shameless vice. We have to-day also a mysterious story of a depraved butler, who is supposed to have poisoned a whole family in one of our fashionable streets. These illustrations of total depravity argue strongly against the efficacy of the teachings of the gallows, while they equally throw discredit upon all our methods and forms of moral instruction, our schools, books, journals, and even the sacred Church. Either there are deficiencies in our system of enforcing moral truths, or we do not give our ethical instructors full play. Evidently with them all, and the scaffold to boot, we are far from the millennium.

Now if all this be true, and we contend that it is, is not the *Herald* guilty of murder in having urged on the execution of those who have recently given up their lives upon the barbaric scaffold?

During the preceding week there were a dozen hangings in the country; as a natural consequence the papers tell the

tale of double that number of murders. For every person hanged, there are at least two murders. Well may the *Herald* say, "Murder not Quelled."

"HAVING HEARTS THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND."

Having eyes they see, and ears they hear, but their hearts cannot or will not understand. Never was this saying so true as nowadays. There is a class of persons who will not understand Social Freedom, insisting that it means social nastiness and nothing else. A paper devotes three columns to extracts from "Woodhull's" writings and speeches, to prove that she advocates freedom for all. For this we are extremely obliged; but we have to request something more, and it is this: that they no longer ignore the other half of the truth about "Woodhull," since one half the truth is always a lie. If this class of people do not hereafter desire to be known as willful liars; will they, when they say that we advocate freedom, even promiscuousness, for those who are upon that plane of development, will they be kind enough, that is, such as are sufficiently developed, themselves, to comprehend it, to say that we also as strenuously urge them to grow out of that latter condition as rapidly as possible. If they fail to do this, the world will soon be wicked enough to say that they lied intentionally for the purpose of blackwashing "the Woodhull."

THE CLERGY A SOURCE OF DANGER.

The book bearing the above title, by W. F. Jamieson, should be in the hands of every person who is not aware of the insidious attempt being made to change our form of government by the introduction of God into the Constitution. As a rebuke to this inhuman movement, this book is the best protest that has yet been made. Price, post-paid, muslin, \$1.75. Address, W. F. Jamieson, 139 and 141 Monroe st., Chicago, Ill.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

Each passion has a language of its own. Love breathes forth its hopes and fears in a low and thrilling melody that transcends description. When heart speaks to heart in love's first rhapsody you may fancy that *Æolus* reigns the wind lest one sweet note escape the listening ear. The stars look brighter, the moon fairer, the fields greener, and all nature rolls in its mighty circuit in an atmosphere of perfect joy. The heart beats faster; the eye sparkles with a new lustre; the roses blush with a fresher crimson on cheek and lip; and the voice deepens and sweetens and trembles under the influence of love. Every spot visited or mentioned by the one adored forever afterward remains a written volume of affection.

The eloquence of the eye is the truest and most effective language the soul possesses. It has no double meaning. It is simple, unaffected, unmistakable. Whatever is in the heart the eye expresses; and it never utters a more exquisite address than when it looks its voiceless words. It is when the lips refuse to move, the cheeks grow white and the frame trembles with emotions that refuse all spoken language, that the eye comes to the soul's relief and flashes forth its meaning.

Love will not speak until it finds a kindred spirit; but when the voice rings forth, the sleeping child of heaven awakes and hastens to welcome and embrace the strange companion so long watched and prayed for—to give thee, dear one, sweets that have been tasted never, love whose depths were fathomed never, sunshine that no cloud shall sever.

AFTER YOU, GENTS.

About three years ago, the then Prince of the Erie Railroad enlisted men in New York city to fight its battles in New Jersey. Not long since two great railroad companies organized a collision of locomotives in New York State, and arranged their laborers for an engagement. This was prevented by Gov. Hoffman, whose services were called into requisition to pacify the belligerent law-breakers. That the game still continues, we give an extract from the *Herald* of Thursday last, May 1:

COLLISION OF RAILROAD COMPANIES.—PITTSBURG, Pa., April 30, 1873.—About 3 o'clock this afternoon the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad Co. sent a force of men to restore the track on the Bradford branch, which was destroyed some weeks since, as charged, by parties acting under the direction of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The laborers were met by a force of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 200 strong, who prevented the accomplishment of the work by demonstrations of violence. They also burned two small bridges on the part of the road next to the main line of the Connellsville road, thus effectually defeating the object of the expedition. The Connellsville force quietly withdrew according to orders. The interruption to travel has been the cause of serious complaints from persons doing business on the branch road.

The Connellsville Company have filed a bill in equity to prevent further interference with their alleged rights. Argument will be heard in the Supreme Court at Harrisburg next week.

Verily our mechanics of the Atlantic cities, with the remembrance of the tax imposed on the coal freightage of three winters ago, which for four months doubled the price of that article, and the Western pioneers, whose grain is now being burned for fuel because the cost of freightage renders it practically valueless to the men who have raised it, ought to have the common sense to unite their forces and take their

turn at the wheel of self-government, by imitating the example set before them. If a miserable minority can act in defiance of law, it is certainly in order for a majority of the community to emulate their example.

A LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

BOSTON, May 13, 1873.

EDITOR OF WOODHULL'S WEEKLY:

Dear Madam—So, then, it seems you are to be tried, convicted and sent to Sing Sing State Prison! I trust you will be able to say, serenely, as you now appear to say everything else, "Be it so, if thus the cause of truth and humanity may be honored and subserved."

I think Miss Martineau's "Martyr Age" was written and published before you were born. The gifted author still lives, and may yet learn that the book was premature. True, anti-slavery had its martyrs who sealed their testimony with their blood and lives, long before John Brown ascended, heroically, a Virginia gallows, or President Lincoln fell by the hand of a bloody assassin.

But my own opinion is, and it is here, with irrepressible emotion, set down, that the real "Martyr Age" is to come!

And you, my brave heroine, may yet be plunged into baptisms, and compelled to drink sacraments of which even you yourself now little dream.

Already the rage and wrath of the press and priesthood are kindled against you; and their anger will yet burn, like their God's, "to the lowest hell!" The Southern slaveholder did not lose his hold on the Ethiopian victim but in his last dying struggle; and the power of man over woman is ten thousand times more frightful than was ever wielded by "the lords of the lash" over African slaves. And whoever supposes that "high art" in despotism will be crushed without strife unknown before, I fear is little read in the philosophy of the mind and soul.

The battle for the Southern slave's freedom was indeed "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood; but this [yours] shall be with burning and fuel of fire!"

I hope and trust that you will be found faithful, even unto death. So, you remember, was John Brown; and what a crown of life and immortality he now wears,

"While his soul goes marching on,"

in triumph forevermore!

May I not appropriately address you in apostolic phrase, and say, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you;" but rather rejoice that you are made partaker with others who have suffered imprisonments and death in the same holy, heavenly cause of truth and humanity!

Let me make those words mine to you if I shall be thought worthy, and the first, most of all. And, "beloved," all the more, that so many malign and persecute and say all manner of evil against you. And, "beloved," none the less, neither, even were their evil words true. Why should I hate anybody? The noble and lamented Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, once thanked God that he "never hated anybody because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black." God help me to love everybody, but, most of all, those, if such there be, whom every body hates; and if that be Free Love the poor world must make the most of it.

But my letter is too long. Accept my tenderest sympathies in all your sufferings; and while engaged, as now, in the great work of the world's redemption, believe me, ever and always, faithfully and fraternally,

Your fellow-worker,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

A CARD.

As a young man, representing himself as my son, is imposing upon Spiritualists in New York city and elsewhere, soliciting assistance, "to enable him to reach his mother," etc. I beg to state that I have only two sons, and that they are both honorably employed in Shasta County, California, and are in constant correspondence with their mother. I take this method of cautioning the public against an imposter.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

The Word will please copy.

Dr. L. K. Coonley, well known as a Spiritual Lecturer and independent supporter of Radical Reform in all its various departments, desires us to say that it has become necessary that he change his residence from Vineland, New Jersey, to some place nearer New York; and therefore the beautiful residence and very fine fruit farm of twenty acres, in good cultivation, with all the best varieties of fruits, are offered in exchange for a residence somewhere in the vicinity of New York—Newark or Elizabeth preferred. The place will be put in valuation of \$7,000, which is only about one-third of its real value. Call on or address Dr. L. K. Coonley, corner of East avenue and Oak Road, Vineland, New Jersey.

TROUBLE WITH THE MAILS.

We have frequently alluded to the various resorts that are made to annoy our subscribers, and to destroy the confidence of the people in the regularity and punctuality of the WEEKLY. Of course we do not assume that there are no mistakes made; but we do know that very much of the complaint that is made, and justly, too, as we have no doubt, is not to be charged on us. In Providence, for instance, scarcely a week passes that some one or more of our numerous readers does not miss the WEEKLY. Recently we have made a practice of checking and counting the papers before putting them in the Providence package, and yet the complaints do not cease. Now, it must be palpable if one of the papers reaches Providence that the whole bundle also reaches it; and we hope our friends in that city will look after their Postmaster.

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE GRAND FLANK MOVEMENT OF THE Y. M. C. A.

THE TEMPORARY ESCAPE OF THE BIBLE FROM TRAIN'S CORNER ON CHRIST—THE REJOICINGS OF THE MAN OF MANY NAMES—SHARP PRACTICE OF THE VINDICATOR OF "REVERED CITIZENS"—DODGING THE ISSUE—A SQUARE BACK-DOWN FOR ALL CONCERNED.

When we wrote the editorial entitled "Geo. Francis Train" we did not entertain the remotest idea that his trial would close before this number of the WEEKLY should go to press; but on Tuesday the trial was brought to a sudden and to most, we imagine, very unexpected termination, by what, though executed by "the enemy," must ever stand as a masterpiece of judicial strategy. We all felt, Mr. Train included, that at last the corner that he has had on the Bible for the last five months was to be brought to an issue, and the holders of the stock compelled to part with it at the mercy of the "corner." But they have eluded the grasp for the time by a brilliant flank movement, which was so well and rapidly executed that before any counter one to checkmate it could be made it was accomplished. We must admire so masterly a movement even though executed by "the enemy." At the same time, however, it only the more thoroughly shows the despotic strait to which "he" was reduced to goad "him" on to such a step.

On Saturday, the 17th, Mr. Train was placed on trial, Judge Davis refusing to defer the case until Mr. Howe, the principal counsellor for the defense, could be present. The day was consumed in obtaining six jurors. The farcical character of the case was well-evidenced by general incidents of the day. Mr. Train was permitted deliberately to walk out of court to lunch, was absent a half hour, returning in time for the trial. When the court adjourned, no keeper being present, Mr. Train demanded of the District-Attorney, "Who will conduct me to prison?" The District-Attorney replying that he did not know, and intimating that he did not care. Mr. Train instantly saw the game, and said, "I will not be beat that way," and, as deliberately as before, walked off to the Tombs.

On Monday, the remaining jurors were obtained and Assistant District-Attorney Lyons opened the case for the people. The only witnesses were the inevitable Comstock alias Beardsley alias a half dozen other names, and M. Nichols. Here the prosecution rested and the court adjourned.

On Tuesday, Mr. Howe, having returned to the city, opened for the defense.

The following are the reports of the various city papers of this day's proceedings which we present in place of our own report, in order that the case may be fully reviewed in the next issue:

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN SENT TO A LUNATIC ASYLUM CONTRARY TO ALL LAW AND EVIDENCE.

The Progress of the Revolution—The Destruction of Free Speech, Press, and the Downfall of the Liberties of the People—The most Profound Sensation of the Century—Clubs, Hotels, and the Street Corners Discussing the Outrage on the People.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE PRESS.

First came the suppression of the WEEKLY, on publishing the Nov. 2 expose of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal. Then the suppression of the *Train Ligue*. Then the *New Orleans Times*, Now comes telegrams of the suppression of the *Toledo Sun*, with civil war in Louisiana and Arkansas, but nothing has struck so deep at the law and the liberty of the citizens, as this startling usurpation of Judge Noah Davis.

Mr. Train, dashed off the following at the startling action of the court:

EPIGRAM.

IN COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER, May 20, 1:30 P. M.

Vive la Commune! This legal banditti,
Disgrace the law and damn the city.
Ithaca I do you hear your Jackall bark?
There's hell to pay in the Davis ark.
Woodhull's Naked Truth so startled Noah
He has wrecked his boat on Beecher's shore.
When Jeffries plays the despot's roll
"May God have mercy on his soul."
Revolution can't come too soon.
Rise, you cowards! *Vive la Commune!*

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

The Lunatic.

THE PRESS AROUSING FROM THEIR UNACCOUNTABLE LETHARGY.

At last the public journals are waking from their long sleep. We make a few extracts:

(From the *Herald*.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The Great Pagan Dictator Squelched—His Insanity Admitted and Accepted—From the Tombs to the Lunatic Asylum—George's Next Move.

The trial of George Francis Train in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, came yesterday to a sudden conclusion. Immediately on a doctor testifying that he had interviewed Train in the Tombs and pronounced him insane then, and his belief that he was still insane, Judge Davis directed the jury to acquit him on the ground of insanity, and thereupon he ordered him to be sent to the State Lunatic Asylum. Mr. Train's counsel, not relishing this unexpected turn in events, as they were proposing to introduce the recent judgment before Judge Daly pronouncing him sane, obtained a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Fancher, at Supreme Court,

Chambers. A hearing upon the writ will be had to-morrow, and meanwhile Mr. Train will remain in the City Prison.

TRAIN TRAPPED.

Sudden Termination of the Trial of George Francis Train—The Insanity Dodge Played Out—From the Tombs to the Lunatic Asylum—An Exciting Scene in Court—Train Turned Topsy-Turvy with Rage—George's Next Move.

On the opening day of the trial before Judge Davis, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, of George Francis Train, on the indictment charging him with the publication of an obscene paper, designated as *The Train Ligue*, it was evident from an observation made by the judge that he stood on ticklish ground. Should the jury convict him of the charge preferred against him and pronounce him by such verdict sane he was sure to go to State Prison. Should the jury, on the other hand, acquit him on the ground of insanity he was sure to be sent to the lunatic asylum. His ingenious counsel—Messrs. William F. Howe and Clark Bell—saw at a glance the horns of the dilemma, and they sagaciously put their wits to work to escape both of these unpalatable alternatives. It was only to be accomplished by a sharp strategic manoeuvre. So far the counsel were all right; but, as the result proved, they omitted in their calculations an important element in the case, Judge Davis, and thus gave forcible illustration of the old poetic aphorism—

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

Their idea was to show by the medical expert giving testimony for the prosecution before Judge Daly that Train was insane when he published the *Train Ligue*, and thus having secured his acquittal on this evidence produce the judgment of that Court that he was now sane to prove his present sanity. Judge Davis, however, as will be seen by the report given below of the proceedings in Court yesterday, did not allow them to carry out their intended programme, but most summarily, though no doubt in a strictly judicial manner, nipped it in the bud.

MOVING A VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY.

Immediately on the opening of the Court, at which time, as heretofore, the court-room was crowded to its fullest capacity, Mr. Howe, who, "for this occasion only," supported in the left lapel of his coat a bouquet of more formidable dimensions than anything in the floral line ever arranged by the gorgeous Train himself, moved, with quiet gravity, that the Court order a verdict of not guilty. He claimed that the statute chapter 747 of the Laws of 1872, under which Train is indicted, is unconstitutional, and that it is in derogation of the common law, and should be not only carefully scrutinized, but liberally construed. He urged that by construing it literally the owners of almost every private library in the country, as well as connoisseurs in the fine art, could be indicted.

Judge Davis denied the motion, holding the statute to be constitutional.

OPENING FOR THE DEFENSE.

Defeated in this preliminary motion, Mr. Howe was by no manner of means discouraged. He proceeded to open the case for the defense, and a most curious as well as audacious defense it was. He began by explaining the nature of the indictment, and then descended on the motives of Mr. Comstock, the leading witness for the prosecution. Next he launched off into a discussion of the variety in religious faiths, and how every man was to be respected for his religious belief. Including Mr. Train, who held tenets peculiarly his own. He read extracts from the *Train Ligue*, made up largely of extracts from the Bible, and compared them with "Elegant Extracts from the Holy Bible," a book published in Boston. He was about reading some quotations from Shakespeare—

"Shakespeare is not on trial," interrupted Judge Davis. "But may I read extracts from his works?" persisted Mr. Howe.

"No, sir," answered the inflexible Judge.

"From Fielding?"

"No, sir."

"From Smollett?"

"No, sir."

"But I wish to show that not only in the works of these authors, but in all the accepted literature of the past and present time, there are just as obscene things as are attributed to Mr. Train."

"Another's obscenity is no excuse for his."

Finding himself curtailed in his intended speech, though meanwhile excepting to the Judge's ruling, Mr. Howe narrowed his remarks down to enjoining upon the jury to remember that they were American citizens, and urging, in conclusion, that Mr. Train was another Lord Byron, another Percy, another Shelley, another Shakespeare, and so on through the catalogue of those who have made for themselves names famous in the world of letters.

TESTIMONY FOR THE DEFENSE.

Very short work was made of this. The only witness called was Dr. Thaddeus M. B. Cross, and his evidence was brought to a summary conclusion. He told how he had made the subject of insanity a specialty, and how on the 17th of last March, pursuant to the request of the District Attorney, he visited Mr. Train at his cell in the Tombs, with a view to report his mental condition.

Q. And you reported him insane? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And you testified before Judge Daly? A. Yes, sir.

Mr. Lyons, Assistant District Attorney, said that he would admit that Mr. Train was insane at that time, and insisted that there was no necessity of calling witnesses upon this point.

Mr. Bell insisted that upon this admission there should be a *nolle prosequi* entered at once.

Judge Davis—I can't allow that. And then, turning to the witness, he asked, "Do you consider him insane now?"

"I do," answered the doctor.

A SUDDEN CLIMAX.

Mr. Bell—Then the Court should order a verdict of "Not guilty."

Mr. Lyons—That will be satisfactory to me.

Judge Davis—If the defense concedes his insanity, I will direct the jury to acquit.

Defense—We do.

Judge Davis—Gentlemen of the jury, you will acquit the prisoner on the ground of insanity, finding your verdict on that express ground.

Mr. Bell—We wish to be heard about the form of the verdict. The verdict should be "Guilty," or "Not guilty."

Judge Davis—You will find the prisoner not guilty on the ground of insanity.

Mr. Bell—We ask the jury to find a verdict of "Not guilty."

Judge Davis—Mr. Clerk, take the verdict, "Not guilty on the ground of insanity."

Foreman of the Jury—We agree on that verdict. We find the prisoner at the bar not guilty on the ground of insanity.

Mr. Bell—We ask to have the jury polled.

Judge Davis—No polling of this jury. The jury are discharged.

Mr. Bell—There are two jurors who say that is not their verdict.

Judge Davis—I order the prisoner to be sent to the State Lunatic Asylum.

Mr. Bell—Will you not hear evidence as to his sanity?

Mr. Howe—There are witnesses in court who will swear that Mr. Train is now perfectly sane.

Mr. Bell—Doctors will testify that it is not necessary to confine him in a lunatic asylum.

Judge Davis—The case has been disposed of.

TRAIN ON THE SITUATION.

Mr. Train (jumping to his feet excitedly)—Will not your Honor hear me?

Judge Davis—Not at all.

Mr. Train—I wish to protest against these proceedings. I have had no trial. I have been five months in jail. What am I to do—remain or go away?

Judge Davis—Sit down.

Mr. Train (very pale and excited)—Before I go away I wish to move your impeachment in the name of the people.

Having thus explosively delivered himself, Mr. Train took his seat. The scene for a moment was an exciting one. All present rose to their feet. The jury rushed from their seats. Mr. Howe seemed to have lost his usual placid self-possession. Mr. Bell did not know which way to turn. There was no gainsaying the fact—Train was trapped. Fire fairly flashed from his eyes as he writhed and wriggled in the snare in which he had so unexpectedly been caught. The coolest man of all was Judge Davis. He sat perfectly immobile, and that broad, firmly-set under-jaw showed that he would remain so.

TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE TRAP.

Hardly had Mr. Sparks, the Clerk, pursuant to the direction of Judge Davis, made out an order on the Warden of the City Prison to deliver Mr. Train over to the custody of the Sheriff and to the latter to convey him to the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, and the Court adjourned, before Mr. Train's counsel applied to Judge Fancher, holding Supreme Court, Chambers, for a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case. This, as in duty bound, Judge Fancher promptly granted, and made the same returnable the next day. An effort will be made to reverse the action of Judge Davis, and meantime Train will remain in his old quarters in the Tombs.

[From the Daily Graphic.]

* * This disposition of Mr. Train's case cannot be regarded as the end of the matter. It is a very neat way of turning a joke at the defendant's expense, but will hardly hold good in law. A jury have declared that Mr. Train is not only harmless but sane, and he cannot be kept in an asylum for any length of time. The discussion of the question of alleged indecency in part of the Scriptural transcripts of the *Train Ligue* would not have been for edification. Public opinion would be satisfied to have that question smothered here, but the probability is that it will break out with added virulence by and by.—[Ed. Graphic.]

[From the Star—Editorial.]

DAVIS AND TRAIN.

We cannot help thinking that Davis exhibits a little too much zeal in his desire for justice, and that he is now hunting down Train with the same unseemly ardor as he evinced in the case of Tweed. Such exhibitions from the bench are exceedingly deplorable and entirely unwarrantable. There we may expect justice pure and impartial, moving along in stately dignity, wholly uninfluenced by passion. But Mr. Justice Davis appears to consider a seat upon the bench as merely a sphere for exhibiting alternate buffoonery and severity. In the case of Tweed he so overdid the thing as to contribute to the acquittal of the accused far more than his counsel, and he was more savage against Train than the prosecuting attorney. His action yesterday was extraordinary and unfair. Mr. Howe, to whom the defense was eventually intrusted—Mr. Jordan having withdrawn in consequence of a difference with Mr. Bell—to the astonishment of the audience concluded by a declaration of his intention to cross the accused off on the ground of insanity, and Dr. Cross, who had formerly appeared as one of the District Attorney's witnesses against Mr. Train, was adduced to prove this. He had no sooner reiterated his evidence than Judge Davis perceived the trap the defendant's counsel had thus inadvertently laid for their client, and he promptly charged the jury to acquit on the score of insanity. One of the jury, followed by several others, in vain protested against this opinion, and announced that he considered Train perfectly sane. The judge peremptorily ordered the verdict to be entered, and an order for his committal to the asylum at Utica was made out, and he was branded of course by long at the asylum, for we know and Judge Davis knows, and a sheriff's jury has declared, that he is perfectly sane. Davis may be playing a "smart" game, but he will find that it is not a popular one in the end.

[From the Tribune—Editorial.]

The tactics of Train's lawyers yesterday in endeavoring to prove him insane by the witnesses who testified for the late prosecution was unworthy practice, but it will hardly be thought justification of the judge for disregarding the demurrers of the jurymen to the verdict which he ordered to be entered. Train is a nuisance of whom the public would gladly be relieved; his consignment to a lunatic asylum we doubt not is a charitable act both to himself and the community; but we cannot afford to have relief at the cost of law. It is quite possible that Judge Davis, in summing up the knot in this singular case has not kept strictly within the law. If so, his prompt action yesterday may lead to unfortunate results.

[From the Sun.]

THE SENTENCE OF TRAIN.

From the Tombs to the State Asylum for the Insane—The Sudden Termination of a Trial with a Verdict Ordered by the Judge—Four Jurors Objecting—A Writ of Habeas Corpus Granted by Another Judge.

Justice Noah Davis took his seat in the Oyer and Terminer yesterday morning, evidently determined to dispose of the case of George Francis Train summarily. Mr. Train wore no flowers in his lapel. He was downcast, and for once not talkative. Under Sheriff Joel O. Stevens sat near the window, and Anthony Comstock conversed with Assistant District-Attorney Lyon. Only one woman sat within the enclosure. Each of the jurors was given a copy of the *Train Ligue*, and the counsel for the defendant began his opening address. He went over the ground covered by the case, and pictured the injustice which would be done should the jury pronounce him guilty. He made several thrusts at Comstock, characterizing him as one who peeped through keyholes. Mr. Lyon walked over to the window and faced Mr. Train's counsel, and Comstock went out. He returned in a short time, however, and again took his seat near Mr. Lyon. The jurymen scanned the papers as the counsel directed their attention to particular paragraphs, and told them that they surely would not say they were obscene. Judge Davis occasionally looked up from the paper he was reading, and seemed about to say, "It's no use, it's no use; he must be punished." Counsel spoke of the freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of every one to hold such religious views as pleased him. He said that he should follow his own peculiar views until his voice was hushed in death. A broad grin overspread Judge Davis' countenance, and he drew his spectacles further down on his nose.

A FLING AT JUDGE DAVIS.

Counsel wished to put in evidence a copy of a book printed in what he termed the sanctified city of Boston. His Honor ruled it out. The counsel called attention to other passages in the *Train Ligue*. As he read them Judge Davis scowled. When counsel said to the jury, "You are to be the judges, thank God, of the character of these passages," Mr. Train's friends said it was a lucky thing for him. Judge Davis picked up his mallet and held it to his lips. He sat uneasily

in his chair, and urged counsel to proceed more rapidly. Counsel read that Mr. Train called Comstock a first-class Christian liar, and asked whether that was obscene, adding that Mr. Train expressed only his honest opinion. Then he with the jury went through the *Train Ligue*, reading many of the most objectionable paragraphs. At the close he said, "It's the Bible—it's nothing else—it's the Bible." There was a three-line paragraph which counsel said he would not read, not because it was obscene, but because it might be offensive to delicate ears. Judge Davis held his hand over his mouth and laughed outright. He looked like one who wanted to say, "Now I've got him." Counsel asked permission to put in evidence a copy of Shakespeare. He wished to read a passage from *Mercurio's* speech, and ask the jury whether they would consider it obscene if printed in a newspaper. His Honor said that Shakespeare was not on trial, and counsel added, "nor would a Comstock have dared arraign him." Counsel asked whether he could not read anything from Byron, Fielding or Smollett. As each name was pronounced Judge Davis said in a loud tone, "No." Then he laughed and said they were not trying comparisons. He should allow nothing to be read but the *Train Ligue*, excepting, of course, the law bearing upon the case. It wouldn't do to try to show that Mr. Train's publication was no worse than many others in existence. Counsel took an exception, and then began to comment upon his Honor's decision, but was soon checked. In conclusion, the counsel said he considered Comstock's motives very questionable, and he hoped the jury would patiently listen to the testimony about to be introduced, and was satisfied that when they heard all they would instantly acquit the prisoner. As the counsel took his seat, Mr. Train warmly shook him by the hand.

NO APPEAL.

For a few moments confusion reigned supreme. In the midst of it Judge Davis ordered the clerk to take out a commitment of the prisoner to the Utica asylum for the insane. Counsel asked again to have the jury polled, but Judge Davis replied, "The verdict is recorded." Four of the jurymen—Kaiman Lippe, gold frame manufacturer, of 470 West Forty-third street; John P. Son, paper dealer, at 200 Fulton street; Alfred Redlich, of 34 Wall street; and William Heller, dry goods merchant, of 322 Second avenue—said that it was not their verdict, and openly expressed their displeasure. His Honor declined to hear anything more from either Mr. Train or his counsel, but Mr. Train insisted, and with a flourish said: "Judge Davis, I move your impeachment in the name of the people." His Honor smiled as he waved him off, and told him to be still. "What shall I do, your Honor; am I to remain here?" asked Mr. Train. "Sit down, sir," quickly replied his Honor, and Mr. Train bit his finger nails. His face was flushed, and he was very angry. One of his lawyers turned to his clerk and told him to get a *habeas*, and the quick-footed young man hastened from the court room. Then Mr. Train was surrounded by his admirers, who strongly condemned Judge Davis' action. In a few moments Mr. Train was himself again, smiling and chatting with everybody, saying that it was all right, and adding that Judge Davis should suffer for it. Deputy Sheriff William H. Shields stepped up to Mr. Train and showed him a document, as follows:

Deputy Sheriff Shields then escorted Mr. Train, who was followed by his Secretary, Mr. Bemis, and his photographer, Mr. Nichols, to the Tombs. A great crowd were on their heels, and at the Tombs entrance there was a still larger crowd. Mr. Train hurried to his cell, and dictated a caustic letter to Judge Davis. In a day or two Mr. Train will, it is fully believed, be on his way from the Tombs to the asylum. Soon after Mr. Train's return to the Tombs Judge Fancher granted a *habeas corpus*, returnable before him to-morrow.

[From the N. Y. Times.]

TRAIN STOPPED.

Termination of the Legal Travestie—The "Dictator" Impeaches the Court and is ordered to the Lunatic Asylum.

One of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed at a judicial tribunal in this city took place yesterday in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, bringing the proceedings in the trial of George Francis Train to a most sudden and unexpected conclusion, and so completely astonishing the notoriety-loving Train himself that he actually seemed to be stricken speechless, a condition in which his oldest friends never recollect to have seen him before.

At the opening of court the same hungry-looking crowd of sensation-lovers crowded the room, monopolizing the places of the reporters, the lawyers and others having business there, greedily listening open-mouthed to the proceedings, and occasionally having to be called to order for being too noisy in their mirth. After Judge Davis had taken his seat on the bench, Mr. Howe moved that the Court order a verdict of not guilty from the jury on the ground that the statute under which Mr. Train was indicted and tried was unconstitutional. By its provisions, he claimed, construing them literally, the owner of any library possessing copies of the works of Smollett, Paine, or even Shakespeare, was subject to indictment, and any man having in his art-gallery a nude statue could be punished for obscenity.

The following is a copy of Judge Davis' order:

City and County of New York, ss.: At a Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in and for the City and County of New York, at the City Hall of the said city, on Tuesday, the 20th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1873. Present—Hon. Noah Davis, Justice of the Supreme Court and the Oyer and Terminer.

The People vs. George Francis Train.—The prisoner on his trial having been acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity, and the Court being certified of the fact, and having also carefully inquired and ascertained that such insanity does still continue, it is, therefore, ordered that the said prisoner, George F. Train, be detained in safe custody, and be sent to the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica; and that the Sheriff of the City and County of New York do forthwith convey the said prisoner, George F. Train, to the said asylum, and that the said prisoner be detained and kept in safe custody in the said asylum until thence discharged according to law.

A true extract from the minutes.

JOHN SPARKS, Clerk.

This surprising termination of a singular and almost unprecedented trial seemed to take every one by surprise, and for hours afterward lawyers and loungers about the courts were standing in the corridors of the new Court-House discussing the case. Some members of the bar expressed doubts as to the legality of Judge Davis' action in ordering the verdict against the protest of some of the jurors, but all sensible men agreed that, in any event, it was a relief to have the case of our "future Dictator" removed from a court where more important, if not so sensational, business was waiting.

[From the New York Tribune.]

EXIT TRAIN AT LAST.

A Checkmate by Judge Davis—Train Sent to the Lunatic Asylum—An Exciting Scene.

Ever since George Francis Train's mental condition became the subject of inquiry in the courts the investigation has been so full of humor and incident that the striking similarity between its shifting-scenes and the denouement

of the drama have been generally recognized. The last act in the comedy, which was witnessed by a great crowd in the Court-room of the Oyer and Terminer yesterday, was the shortest but the most exciting; and the curtain fell on a dozen groups of astonished spectators, who scarcely expected the result, and certainly were dazed by the suddenness of it.

The feeling among the bystanders, which had risen from astonishment to excitement, culminated here in a fit of laughter. Mr. Howe, as soon as it had ceased, continued the discussion, remarking that the evidence was that of Dr. Cross alone, and they had evidence to show that Train was sane at that moment. All this time Train had been a silent and bewildered listener—something his history will probably never show him to have been before. The suddenness of the blow completely staggered him; but at this juncture he recovered his scattering wits enough to blurt out, "Is the order entered?"

"I don't want to hear anything from you," came sharply and quickly from the bench, accompanied by forcible raps of the gavel.

"I wish to protest," persisted the unlucky Train. "I have had no trial yet. I have been five months in jail—" "Sit down, sir," was the reply, but he kept his seat only an instant, and a third time essayed to express his feelings: "What am I to do?" said he, bewildered; "am I to remain here?"

"You are to sit down, sir," was Judge Davis' severe rejoinder, and this at last put him in his seat; but before the Court adjourned, he said defiantly to Judge Davis, "I wish, before I leave, to move your impeachment in the name of the people." [Laughter.]

The order was then entered committing Train to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, and the officers took him to the Tombs.

Mr. Howe promptly got a writ of *habeas corpus* from Judge Fancher, in Chambers, and the case will come up for hearing to-morrow, and an interesting argument may be expected.

In regard to Judge Davis' action, it is characterized by some as high-handed, and an assumption of authority which leaves no man safe. A prominent lawyer, formerly Recorder, coming in and hearing what had been done, expressed the utmost astonishment, scarcely believed the story, and, shaking his head, said: "Oh, no! I don't think the courts will sustain Judge Davis in this action. I don't think he has any right to act so arbitrarily." Other lawyers expressed similar opinions, and one hinted that Judge Davis seemed to be trying to be what Train aspired to become—a dictator.

THE LAST EPIGRAMS IN COURT.

Our reporter succeeded in getting some of the epigrams thrown over to the press table Monday. We copy them in the order in which the reporter got them. Each was written in reply to some point made in the trial.

IN COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER, 11 A. M., May 19.
JUDGE DAVIS' INSULT TO MR. AMES.

EPIGRAM.

For the Repertorial Corps—The Rejected Jury.

When this Hebrew on the Hill of Zion
Was accepted by Attorney Lyon;
Why should His Honor override
And tell the Juror to stand aside?
The "Train Ligue," he said, "was not obscene."
"Stand aside!" What does His Honor mean?

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Of unsound mind, though harmless.

IN COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER, 12:10 P. M., May 19.
EPIGRAM ON THE JURY.

(Dedicated to the "Round Table Bohemia.")

Hail to the Chief! Proclaim the news!
My jury is made up of Jews.
I go to Sing Sing in Hebrew style—
"First comes the Jew and then the Gentile!"
A *jeu d'esprit* is not a desperate Jew!
Nor *fac-simile* a sick-family crew.
It would be a devil of a sell
For Jews to send a Pagan to hell!
When cathedral's eclipsed by synagogue,
The church would be lost in an "obscene" fog!
Will the Hebrew prove Comstock a liar
In this fight for the Plymouth Messiah?
A Christian will often shirk his due,
Hence I prefer the truth of the Jew.
You see I have chosen them all with care—
Can you recognize Iscariot there?
If "guilty," as no one now supposes,
I will put a Pagan "Head" on Moses!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
The Coming Dictator.

(From the Tombs to Sing Sing.)

P. S.—The jury stands, it seems, on behalf
Of all the churches, half and half.
Should they capsize me in the lurch,
Down goes the Bible and the church.

G. F. T.

IN COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER, 1:45 P. M., May 19.
District-Attorney says extent of Penalty is Six Months in the City Prison and \$100 Fine.

EPIGRAM.

TO THE PRESS—

Should they make me a "six month's child,"
To make their "obscene" verdict sure.
It will drive the pious Pagans wild,
To know their leader is premature.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
On trial for quoting three columns of the Bible.

IN COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER, 4 P. M., May 19.

EPIGRAM.

Can District-Attorney in Woodhull's case
Act impartially in Judge's place?
He seems to side against defense,
In face of law and evidence.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
The Coming Dictator.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN IN THE TOMBS.

ON THE WAY TO THE UTICA ASYLUM.

THE TOMBS, 5TH MONTH,
NEW YORK, May 20, 1873.

TO JUDGE NOAH DAVIS, Oyer and Terminer:

This note is simply to notify you that you cannot play the

Lord Jeffries role in this country with impunity. I have been five months in the Tombs, as you are aware, awaiting my trial. A jury before Judge Daly found me "sane and responsible for my acts." In order to avoid a trial on an indictment which you admitted to be informal, irregular and questionable, you ignored the *De Lunatico Inquirendo* decision, and contrary to the law of justice, evidence and the common rights of man, you have stopped the trial in the face of the jurors, refusing to allow them to be polled, and consign me to a lunatic asylum, which jeopardizes my property, involves the appointing of a guardian, and is a malicious libel upon my mind and character. I protested against your action and moved your impeachment in open court. As you were District Attorney on the Woodhull case, common decency would have suggested that you could not be an impartial judge on a similar case, where all these questions were involved. I hereby hold you responsible and all with whom you are associated for one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) damages. I am too sane to make any threat, but you will readily see that your paper signed to-day would justify any jury in acquitting me on the ground of "non compos mentis" should I, in a sudden fit of lunacy, throw a pistol ball through your head while you are sitting on the bench to-morrow.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
President of the Murderer's Club.

P. S.—As your letter to Phelps, Dodge & Co., exonerating them from any fraud on the revenue is equivalent to accusing Secretary Boutwell and the U. S. Government of blackmail, I am not surprised at your illegal and undignified conduct in over-riding all law this morning in the Oyer and Terminer.

G. F. T.

The "Experts" in a Tight Place—Twenty-five Thousand Dollar Damages each.

George Francis Train has written the following letter to the paid "experts" who swore that he was *insane*; and if we know anything of the law of malicious libel, the coming Dictator has caught them all in a trap. Dr. Parsons, by wishing to see Mr. Train again, evidently sees the shadow on the wall; the other "experts" (Hammond, Clymer, Cross and Peters) have not been heard from:

Copy of a Letter sent to the Five "Experts" who swore Mr. Train "Insane."

THE TOMBS, 5TH MONTH,
NEW YORK, May 14, 1873.

Your infamous attempt to jeopardize my property and injure my good name when you solemnly swore that I was *non compos mentis* (the unanimous decision of the jury pronouncing me "sane and responsible for all my acts") has placed you within the power of the law of malicious libel. I have therefore instructed Counsellor Clark Bell to immediately commence an action against you for twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) damages, and I give you this notice that you may inform your legal advisers.

It is time that the "experts" should learn that there is no statute that protects them from unqualified slander.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

AN "EXPERT" RECONSIDERING HIS TESTIMONY.

NEW YORK CITY LUNATIC ASYLUM, B. I., RESIDENT.

PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, May 15, 1873.

WAS DR. PARSONS MISTAKEN?

MR. GEO. F. TRAIN:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 14th inst. has just come to hand. In reply I would beg leave to say that if your suit should be decided in your favor, I must depend upon you, or some other man of means, for money to pay the fine, or I might become your neighbor in the Tombs. In that case, judging from the pleasant afternoon spent in your society, I should have at least one agreeable neighbor.

ANOTHER "EXPERT" EXAMINATION.

It appears to me that your best and most laudable satisfaction would be to convince me that the opinion formed from our former interview was a mistake. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to call and see you again, and listen to any statements or explanations you may see fit to give. Even if my opinion should remain the same as it now is, neither you nor I would be either the better or the worse. In case my opinion should be reversed, you would have the satisfaction of having gained an intellectual victory; and I would be, at the same time, placed in the right, and perhaps saved from dire vexations to come.

Please advise me of your wishes regarding another interview at an early day.

In the meantime, I remain yours very truly,

R. L. PARSONS,
Resident Physician.

[MR. TRAIN'S REPLY.]

THE DOCTOR CHANGES HIS OPINION.

R. L. Parsons, Esq., M.D.—Certainly—call again, by all means; and perhaps when you are assured that the strange events in my lifetime, referred to in the last interview, were not only true but in no ways exaggerated, and often understated, you may be inclined to change your opinion.

FOUNDING THE CREDIT MOBILIER AND OTHER GREAT SCHEMES.

I can readily understand that my assumption of founding the Credit Mobilier, the Credit Foncier, organizing the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, the Union Pacific, and initiating other great enterprises;

[LANGUAGES, TRAVELS, ETC.]

the assertion that I spoke something of twenty languages, crossed the ocean forty-two times, voyaged two times around the world, traveled as much as one hundred and fifty thousand miles by railway and one hundred and fifty thousand miles by water, and delivered one thousand successive speeches; nominated for the Presidency by acclamation; been the chief of great mercantile houses in America, Europe and Australia; published some twenty books and

pamphlets; first to introduce horse railways on the continent of Europe; own 5,000 lots in Omaha and 1,000 in Council Bluffs; built a hotel of seventy rooms in sixty days; been incarcerated in fourteen bastilles and never committed any crime; organized the Commune; chief of the Fenian and Internationale, and five months in the Tombs without a trial. No wonder you thought me insane; but as all these things were proved true by witnesses from different parts of the world, and the jury finding me "perfectly sane and responsible for my acts," it gives you an opportunity to change your opinion, and thereby saves an expense of litigation.

MR. TRAIN'S DELUSIONS.

I still have my two strong "delusions." 1st—That although a land pauper now, I shall some time be the richest man in the world. 2d—I am as sure to be Dictator as the sun shines. My original statement that the Tombs would come down within a hundred days, is not more extraordinary than the fact that the Legislature has passed the bill on my epigram *expose* to save my Commune boys the trouble of the Internationale Vigilance Committee.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
The Coming Dictator.

LETTER TO DISTRICT-ATTORNEY PHELPS.

BENJAMIN K. PHELPS (OR ACTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY):

Dear Sir—Arrested for "obscenity," imprisoned since December 20 in the Tombs without examination or trial, brought before Judge Fancher by Gen. Chatfield on *habeas corpus*, and subsequently before Judge Brady by Counsellor Mott, I understood you to state at that time that no official action had been taken except the appointing of the Hammond-Cross Commission at the suggestion of certain parties not named, and that there would be a trial before Judge Daly and a sheriff's jury. Imagine my surprise to hear Judge Daly say in reply to Counsellor Mott, "This is not a trial for insanity; there is no record of insanity before the Court, nor shall I charge the jury as in usual trials. This is simply an inquiry as to Mr. Train's mental condition. I have now just ascertained that weeks before you made this assertion, you again tried to place me in a false position before the public, as shown in the following letter:

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY PHELPS TO DR. NEALIS.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, DISTRICT-
ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, Feb. 18, 1873.

DR. W. T. NEALIS:

Dear Sir—Will you please, at your earliest convenience, give me your professional opinion upon the condition, mental and otherwise, of George Francis Train now confined in the City Prison, and oblige,

BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, District-Attorney.

As frequent allusions have been made by your assistant, Mr. Lyons, who has conducted this case in your absence, to my family, property and friends, there is evidently some mystery about this attempt to throw me into a lunatic asylum. Will you please answer the following questions:

1. Who is at the bottom of this conspiracy?
2. What member or members of my family have seen you?
3. What friend or friends have consulted with you on my behalf?
4. Has Comstock or any member of the Y. M. C. A. consulted you?
5. Has any member of Beecher's Church seen you in relation thereto?

As no friend of mine, naturally, would consult you to get me into an asylum, and as I know that no member of my family would be guilty of such conspiracy, will you please inform me what possible object you could have had by bringing contempt on the court, the jury and the law by evading the original trial on the indictment which held the body for this infamous attack through paid "experts" on the mind? If your medical and legal system will allow a man in my prominent position, after several months' incarceration without trial in the Tombs, to be forced, through purchased mad doctors, into an asylum, the people have only just one remedy and that is *immediate revolution*.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
The Coming Dictator.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN MARKING BRICK POMEROY FOR LIFE.

When will Editors understand the man they are fooling with—
A scathing Epigram on the Editor of the Democrat from the Coming Dictator.

George Francis Train has been medically examined, pronounced a lunatic, and quarters have been prepared for him in the insane asylum. Failing to become President aggravated his malady, and he is to follow Greeley. His health is giving away steadily, the result of too much brain work.—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

About the worst thing yet on the devil is from *lunatic* Train. He now announces himself as "the Evangelist of Hell."—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

POMEROY'S FIRST NOTICE TO THE PRESS—RAILROADED OUT OF WISCONSIN TO NEW YORK.

Again, I may as well mention here,
Editors who sell me sell me dear,
My motto is *Interest or Fear*.
Brick Pomeroy!

Great Moralist! Pure and spotless Brick.
In body a shrimp! In mind a stick!
Bankrupt in purse you run on tick.
Brick Pomeroy!

Traitor and blackguard of La Crosse,
No rolling beat can gather moss,
No one there ever mourns your loss.
Brick Pomeroy!

A Southern spy in Northern camp,
Your "obscene" paper bore the stamp
That always marks the foul-mouth scamp.
Brick Pomeroy!

Once king among hogs, now hog among kings,
The scent of the hog-pen around you clings,
As scavenger of the Tammany Rings.
Brick Pomeroy!

SATAN REBUKING SIN.

A nice young man to talk of vice.
Free love with you means loaded dice.
From wedlock you have bolted thrice.
Brick Pomeroy!

Go to your kennel, you low-life dog,
Or join Mark Twain as his "jumping frog,"
You can't again the people begot.
Brick Pomeroy!

A hell of a fellow! you pious scribe!
Tammany bought you up and all your tribe,
*With Tweed's two hundred thousand dollar bribe.
Brick Pomeroy!

* Pomeroy's Democrat \$178,905.77!! Sub-Committee's report on advertising, Sept. 19, 1871. Cutting Jeremiah and Pearsal.

A PLAYED OUT POLITICIAN AND LECTURER.

Ninety-eight! Who cares what Jefferson said.
Have you not heard that Jackson is dead?
Why do you sleep with a corpse in your bed?
Brick Pomeroy!

IMPOTENCY AND FAILURE.

As lecturer you can never shine;
They never invite you the second time.
So continue to ink your pen with slime.
Brick Pomeroy!

You culminated amid loud cheers,
At Louisville among Duncan's peers,
Calling for Adams three rousing cheers.
Brick Pomeroy!

This epigram, you know full well,
Long will in your memory dwell,
From this "Evangelist of hell."
Brick Pomeroy!

When will journalists stop their strife?
When I fight I war to the knife,
And mark my man for all his life.
Brick Pomeroy!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, the Byronic Satirist.

THE TOMBS, May, 1873.

DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

We ourselves think it is about time to stop calling "The Coming Dictator" names. The press have tried for fifteen years to write this man down, and when they think they have defeated him he meets, with the most astounding successes. Look at him now! He has confused six thousand newspapers. Personally we know he bears no man malice, knows not the meaning of anger, yet when any one attacks him he responds with these sledge-hammer epigrams which crushes all the life out of the victim! We only hope he never will go back on us, and we do not fear it as he always sticks by his friends.—[ED. W. C. W.]

A Broadside for Brigham Young—Free Love in Utah—Endorsed under another name—A Startling Epigram, calling the Mormons to Arms—Dedicated to Sylvester Franklin Wilson, Editor "People's Press," Humboldt, Nebraska.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HUMBOLDT, Nebraska, May 1, 1873.

THE NEW BOOK.

Dear Mr. Train—Three cheers for your epigrams in the WOODHULL WEEKLY, and hurrah for your sermons in the Toledo Sun. The country has grown fifty years in the five months you have fought in the Tombs. Woodhull will win on Beecher. The packed congregations are getting scared. So long as you remain in jail the Woodhull is free, and when you come out Comstock and Beecher will go down together. We are all waiting for the Pagan Bible. I can sell thousands in the West. Tell the Woodhull to hurry up the edition. My work on the situation is about ready, and the several books will help each other. I wish you would give me a start with an epigram—an epigram on some subject you have not written on. Why not stir up the fires in a rousing bombshell on Brigham Young? What do you think of him? Is he to go under? Will you let the bloodhounds of Zion kill the old Turner?

You saved him once, some years ago, with a speech; why not let us see your "insanity" in this much-disputed Mormon question. The whole West is ready for the coming Dictator.

SYLVESTER FRANKLIN WILSON,
The young Tom Paine of the Occident.

MR. TRAIN'S REPLY.

Mr. Train at once responded with the following historical and revolutionary epigram, a copy of which we have succeeded in getting for the WEEKLY:

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN

Byronizing the form from a felon's cell in the Tombs.—An Epigram Call to Arms to Brigham Young.—Death and Burial of Thos. Purkes.—Hind-sight and Fore-sight.

Newman and his church demand,
That blood should flow from Mormon sand,
Call your band and take your stand,
For Utah!

Brigham to arms! call out your sons,
Load your cannon! Plant your guns
For Home and Faith no Mormon runs.
In Utah!

Liberty! Justice will rejoice;
They falsify the people's voice,
Death or slavery! Take your choice.
In Utah!

A DEMOCRATIC RETROSPECT—ONE DECADE.
Ten years have winged themselves away
Since my debate with Cassius Clay,
A man should have a heart of stone
To strike and work ten years alone.
Ten years with will and pen; a manly fight
For liberty and what I thought was right.

From eighteen sixty to seventy-two,
Four times the democratic crew
Have dashed their party on the breakers,

No chiefs remain for Undertakers!
Buchanan to Greeley what an age
Of strange events fill history's page!
This English party rotten at the core
Was buried forever at Baltimore.

Sumner, Doolittle, Trumbull, Schultz, Blair,
Farnsworth, Banks may well despair;
Allied to this foul band for gain
No wonder their leader died insane!
Five conventions! Columbus to Louisville,
Organized to fool the voters, rob the till!

When polecat is swallowed by crocodile,
A first-class funeral sweeps rank and file,
The foul stench of its ulcered breath
In total depravity ends in death,
And three millions of these damp-hoofs
Went down to hell as Belmonts tools!

THE RADICAL NEMESIS.

What a terrible record it is, forsooth!
Lincoln shot like a dog by Booth!
James Gordon Bennett, Raymond, Greeley gone,
Struggling through war to perish in the storm.
Jim Lane, Stanton, Preston King, none denied
That all these men committed suicide.
Seward, poor wanderer from Auburn to Japan,
The forgotten statesman died a disappointed man.

Show me a leader not covered with slime,
Point me the chief not tainted with crime.
Wilson, Colfax, Kelly, Bingham, Dawes,
Schaffeld and Harlan, all broke the laws.
Ames, Alley, Hooper, Allison,
Butler, Logan and Patterson,
All conceived in corruption's growth,
By taking bribes and making false oath!

THE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE PENITENTIARY.

We pray for preaching not for piety,
Fashion leads church and rules society;
Pulpit and press means dollars and cents,
Government means Grant and the Dents.
The Moblier popocatapel
Has stirred the hottest fires of hell.
Hence these lying saints with withers wrung,
Tried to escape by killing Brigham Young.
When Punjab village began to rock,
San Francisco felt the shock.
Let McCullom, Cragin and Grant
In Congress and White House rant.
Let arrest, outrage and wrong
This Mormon swindle prolong.
Pile up the rot, augment the steal,
Bribe the Congress, buy the bench;
All men of common sense must feel,
'Tis time to stop this Gentile stench.

Up and doing, light the fuse,
Shoulder rifles, start the news,
Down with Gentiles and the Jews
In Utah!

The Mormon sun has not yet set,
Brigham has never been bribed,
At least with impunity yet.

'TIS A CHURCH WAR TO COVER UP THE BEECHER ROTTENNESS.

A PICTURE OF LIFE AMONG THE GENTILES.

Self-pollution, masturbation,
Saps the manhood of our nation;
And Xians stem the ebbing tide,
With Restalism and feticide.
The abolitionists should be hung.
The Mormons never destroy their young.
The lawyer, doctor and the priest,
The world, the flesh, the devil at least,
Endeavor to squeeze their Christian toll,
By mortgaging body, pocket and soul.
Shall SIXTY THOUSAND pharisees,
Make FORTY MILLIONS working bees
Gather honey and waste their bones
To feed this army of pulpit drones?
Through drug and lancet, murder, marriage,
By killing its offspring through miscarriage.
God's words are: Be fruitful and multiply;
But those who escape to prove this holy lie,
When scrofula meets syphilis always die.

A SMALL PERSONAL MATTER.

To the pure all things are pure,
That's so, I'm sure. But this
Vault in the corner here stinks
Like a hog-pen or nest of minks.
Oh! lift me up. Draw all to me
Is what Christ taught in Galilee!

Brigham! hurl back the Gentile lie,
Ajax the lightning did defy.
Let your Mormons fight or die
For Utah!

The time has gone for words too tender.
Forward! Aux armes! cry, No Surrender!
En avant! Be your own defender
For Utah!

(Another Picture.)

LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

No jails and asylums, no hangers, no w-s,
No gambling hells, rum shops, no Xtian bores,
No loafers, backbiters, paupers or thieves,
No murderers or statesmen (?) which no man believes,
No Credit Moblier! no smuggling of tin,
No feticide! or conceiving for sin,
No Beecher, Tilton, Colfax and Co.,
No Rosenzweig in Murderers' Row,
No Townsend man-traps to allure,
Gaunt famine to stifle and slave the poor;
But fields of grain and mountain showers,
Through wide streets of fruits and flowers,
And plenty of work on Brigham's plan,
So man can love his fellow-man.
Say, working men! shall this fair land
Be ravished by this bloody band?
Shall fraud, hypocrisy and cant,
Though military ring of General Grant,
Destroy truth, manhood, public trust,

To please the church's sacred lust?
No! Rouse your people! The invader expel,
Damn their thieving souls to hell!

ON TO VICTORY! LIBERTY OR DEATH.

Where the mountain river flows,
Where the sunflower ever grows,
The desert blossoms like the rose
In Utah!

Why don't you, in voice of thunder,
Tell these knaves to stand from under?
Will you let them rob and plunder
Utah!

General Morales, Bennett says, must die
Should he dare to shoot O'Kelly, the spy,
While the Herald hounds in this Gentile cry
For Utah!

Remember I saved you once before.
Though tortured inside this iron door,
Again I'll make the Commune roar
For Utah!

If Church dares lay a hand on you,
The boys will show what they can do,
By burning down a city or two
For Utah!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(The coming Dictator, Chef de la Commune et President de la Ligue du Midi.)
THE TOMBS, May, 1873.

MR. TRAIN TRYING TO RESCUE HON. JAMES BROOKS FROM THE GRAVE.

THE TOMBS, New York, April 24, '73.

Dear Mrs. James Brooks, Washington—I feel very anxious about Mr. Brooks, and I am positive that there is but one way to restore him to health. You both know what hydrophobia has done for me. I was in a similar condition in '64. I told Mr. Brooks when he called on me at the St. Nicholas, in November, that it would go hard with him if he did not do something to purify his blood and take out his Oriental disease. You should telegraph immediately on receipt of this to Dr. C. C. Schieferdecker, 313 West Twenty-second street, New York; but do this independent of him and of his present physicians, as both homeopathy and alopathy will fight hydrophobia over a death bed. If it does not benefit, hydrophobia cannot injure; and I ask you, as a friend of mine, to telegraph immediately.

I have not seen the doctor for several months, but think that that address will find him. Some of his cures are more than miracles. I have seen him almost resurrect people from the grave, and believe that nothing else can save my good old friend Mr. Brooks, whose malady has no doubt been aggravated by the Congressional thieves who try to escape by insulting and outraging the only honest man they had in Congress. You will be glad to know that I have just received my letters from Frankfort, from Mrs. Train and the children, who, I am sure, deeply sympathize with you in Mr. Brooks' protracted illness.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE LAKE EDITORS TO THE FRONT.

OFFICE OF THE COMET,
OGDENSBURG, April 28, 1873.

Under the circumstances, I should not think of asking a favor of any man save yourself, which is that you will favor me with one of your matchless "epigrams" for publication. With a sincere wish that you may bring the rabble of hypocrites and cant-slingers that are hounding you to their Sedan, I remain, your friend, supporter and admirer,
C. W. ROSCOE.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, ESQ.,
New York Tombs Prison.

(MR. TRAIN'S REPLY.)

THE TOMBS (5th month), New York, April 29, 1873.
To C. W. Roscoe, Esq., Editor Comet,
Ogdenburg, N. Y.

And so Ogdenburg, Ontario's "sub,"
Wishes to hear from Murderers' Club.
Only a single word, my friend Roscoe,
Have I time to send from Murderers' Row.
While "Comet" flashes through the sky,
While "expert" doctors steal and lie,
While truth and manhood rot in jail,
There's no such word in hell as fail.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, the Coming Dictator.

MR. TRAIN'S LAST DAYS AT THE TOMBS.

He Declines Congressional Honors—The New Orleans Revolutionary Committee Want Him—A Proviso in Albany to the Law on Obscene Literature Sent to Speaker Cornell.

MR. TRAIN PACKING UP.

We find Mr. Train busy dictating to his private secretary letters to all parts of the country, and evident signs of packing up at the Tombs, as Judge Davis signed the paper to send Mr. Train to the lunatic asylum. Mr. Train was too busy except for a very brief interview, as Mr. Wallace, the author and artist, was giving him an account of his new drama, where Mr. Train is the Irish hero, to be brought out next month at Wood's Museum.

DICTATORSHIP IN NEW ORLEANS.

Reporter.—Is the rumor true that you were invited by the Revolutionary Committee of Louisiana to lead the people as Dictator against the Kellogg despotism?

Mr. Train.—There is the telegram—judge for yourself:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8, 1873.
To Geo. Francis Train, Cell 56, Tombs City Prison—Citizens of Louisiana send you greeting. Already have they resisted the tyranny and despotism of Grant and his creatures, organizing all over the States to strike the final blow. Will you accept the command?

GEO. W. GIBBONS,
Chairman R. C., Washington House, Washington.

ANSWER.

THE TOMBS (5th Month), NEW YORK, May 8, 1873.
To Geo. W. Gibbons, Chairman Louisiana Committee, Washington, D. C.—Yes; G—d d—n their souls. Liberty or death! Louisiana for ever!
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
The Coming Dictator.

THE TRAIN LIGUE INDICTMENT.

Reporter.—What action will they take on *The Train Lique* indictment?

Mr. Train.—The proviso in the obscene law sent to Speaker Cornell, if passed, will relieve the Government from its embarrassing position.

MR. TRAIN'S LETTER TO THE LEGISLATURE.

To the Honorable Speaker Cornell and the Members of the Assembly, Albany:

Having been incarcerated five months for quoting the Bible word for word under the law of New York relating to obscene literature, will you do me the courtesy to place the following amendment before the Assembly to prevent any other citizen from similar imprisonment:

Amendment, Providing that extracts from the Bible shall not in any case be considered obscene or coming within the letter of the statute.

I shall consider it a special favor (asking you in the name of the people) if the Legislature will pass this amendment, in order to relieve the District Attorney of his present dilemma.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN

(Arrested for "obscenity," tried for "insanity," and pronounced perfectly sane by the jury after three weeks' examination by the "experts." The extent of the sentence, if guilty, is six months, and I have been in the Tombs five already without trial, and am now on the way to the lunatic asylum.)

DECLINES CONGRESSIONAL HONORS.

Reporter.—It is rumored that the workmen intend to run you for Congress in Mr. Brooks' district.

Mr. Train.—Yes; several deputations have been here from different associations, but this correspondence is an answer to all:

THE WORKINGMEN WANT MR. TRAIN FOR CONGRESS.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1873.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—In view of the vacancy in Congress occurring through the death of James Brooks, of Credit Mobilier notoriety, a number of leading Trade Unionists, recognizing you as their leader, as well as the champion of Equal Rights, Free Thought and Equal Compensation, have thought proper to select you as their candidate for Congress, feeling confident of triumphantly electing you over all opposition, providing you accept.

THE CHAMPION OF LABOR.

The working people will have in you an unswerving and undivided friend, as well as a true and fair exponent of the labor problem.

Hoping that you will notify us of your acceptance at your earliest possible convenience, so that we may take immediate action.

We are yours in the cause of humanity.

JOHN McMACKIN,

WM. KANE,

CHARLES KELLY,

On behalf of all the workingmen who appreciate manhood and integrity.
428 West 32d street.

MR. TRAIN'S REPLY.

THE TOMBS, 6TH MONTH,
NEW YORK, May 20, 1873.

To JOHN McMACKIN, WILLIAM KANE, CHARLES KELLY,
and the Congressional Committee of Workingmen:

While in an English Bastille in Dublin the Irish boys of the Fifth District elected me to Congress against Morrissey and Greeley (1868), but I cablegrammed my private secretary, declining the honor. I also declined the Nebraska United States Senatorship. I look upon Congress as a rum shop and a gambling hell. The Credit Mobilier expose of the "Christian statesmen," culminating in the members stealing sixteen hundred thousand dollars, giving the President a hundred thousand dollar bribe for signing the Salary Bill, makes it a disgrace for an honest man to enter its polluted halls. The only office I have ever aspired to was the Presidency of the United States, holding one thousand and twenty-eight conventions of the people to find myself five months in a felon's cell for quoting the Bible. I therefore decline even the Presidential chair, as I do not wish to represent a race of cowards and slaves. I am, however, willing to get the people out of the scrape into which the politicians have placed them by canceling the last election, which was a fraud (Greeley only having been put up to be knocked down by the swindling parties and press, hence no election), by acting as Dictator immediately after the panic, which will wipe out the National Debt, and ten millions of workmen starving. So long as we import five thousand millions in ten years (four thousand five hundred of which is labor), so long shall we be chained to the tottering thrones and pauper labor of Europe. Let the workmen follow my lead for a new deal, and I will rescue them from the swindlers. Act quick, for I am leaving in a few weeks to join my family in Germany, to give my children a holiday lesson in geography in a trip around the world.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
The Coming Dictator.

COL. GREENE AND THE BOSTON "POST."

Reporter.—Have you written any epigrams to-day, Mr. Train?

Mr. Train.—Several; but you must pardon me if I am somewhat abrupt, as I have such a pile of letters to get off. Here is a short one, however, to Colonel Greene, of the Boston Post—the first paper out of six thousand journals bold enough to break ground against this outrage on the liberty of the citizen and the rights of the press:

EPIGRAM REPLY TO THE BOSTON "POST'S" KIND EDITORIAL COMMENTS OF MAY 9.

A thousand thanks, dear Colonel Greene,
For generous words on name and brain.
You do not think that I'm obscene,
And never said I was "insane."
The only journal in all the land
That did not join the vile press band
In sneers and jeers, was the Boston Post—
A newspaper of itself a host.
When "insane" doctors and mad-house "parsons"
With "obscene" lawyer on cash-box fastens,
General Chatfield, Mott, Jordan and Bell
Sent "medico-legal" swindlers to hell
Old Hammond, Cross, Clymer and Peters
Got pounded to death in their meters.
Long meter answers for a common song,
But common meter will not answer long.
Thanks to Beecher, in name of the Lord,
This trial explodes the "expert" fraud.
Who knows the tortures of the damned
In these "expert" asylums crammed—
By swindling saint and Pharisee
Who sells his soul for an "expert" fee—

Where people as sane as you or I
For money or lust are condemned to die?
Soon we shall see if Beecherites mean
To sentence the Bible for being obscene.
So, many thanks from Murderers' Row
From your friend of thirty years ago.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
The Coming Dictator.

Among the many invitations Mr. Train has received to lecture in this city, he has refused all, we understand, except to fire one broadside into the Tombs and the Courts, before he leaves for Utica, in a proclamation to rouse the people to revolution.

(From the Toledo Sun, May 18, 1873.)
THE BATTLE NOW BEGUN.

Stung by their fruitless effort to obtain special legislation for Toledo to affect the interests of the Toledo Sun, to prevent a free expression of public opinion, the religious fanatics, not daring to combat by argument the assaults made upon their tottering citadel, have plotted and employed the low measure of cunning—arrest—worn thread-bare in the east, to destroy our influence and our work. But failure is stamped upon their action, and fear has already settled in the bosoms of our adversaries. Church and policy have muzzled the cowardly press of the city. Weak though we are, we will meet and fight single handed, the combined force of church and state, until we conquer. The column is moving forward. We ask no quarter, we cede no vantage-ground. The fight must go on, until manhood shall be the rule, and not the exception, and moral or mental cowardice a scourge to him or her who wears the withering mantle.

THE WEST MUZZLED.

Attempt to Suppress the Toledo Sun—U. S. Post-office Special Agent Janin Strong, Another Sanctified Fraud, on Duty—The Editor of the Sun Arrested—The "United States" vs. John A. Lant—Now let the Long-Eared Wagoners Howl—Ashamed of the Holy Bible—Our "Free" Government backing up Religious Fanaticism—Edward P. Bassett, Esq., to the Rescue—Attorney for the Pagan Editor, and Bails Him for One Thousand Dollars—Hearing, Tuesday, May 20, before U. S. Commissioner John R. Osborn—Lively Times Ahead—the Cause, Not the Man—Liberals, to the Front!—The Revolution in the West.

On Monday, May 12, the weak-kneed individual that for months has subsisted on the patronage of the Sun, without a day's notice to the contrary, tremblingly refused to do our press-work. The Pagan composers, W. B. Galleher and A. M. Leach, reporting for duty in the morning, found the cases which they had used and prepared for the day's work removed, and immediately made inquiry as to the causes which prevented them from going to work. At this juncture the Pagan Editor arrived, and learned the particulars from the cowardly individual who professes to own type and presses, without the manhood to sustain himself against encroachments upon his rights and privileges to use the same. Instances of mercenary newspaper cowardice are not rare at this time. We pitied the creature, and left him with the hope that some day he would progress from the condition of a cringing coward to that of the noble defender of his own rights as a man and a citizen.

A CITY FULL OF COWARDS.

We then proceeded to scour the city for an office to do our work, but found no place open to receive us. Every day lost in the opportunity was lost to the cause of truth; and we resolved to go into the country and trust to the manhood of strangers.

A HARBOR FOUND AT LAST.

We proceeded to make arrangements for publication, and leaving Galleher in charge, we returned to Toledo to look after accumulated business. We found Leach in a state of expectancy characteristic of the faithful worker in the cause of right, and in readiness to join his companion in the country.

ARRESTED IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

While at home engaged in the duties of the office, in company with my happy little family, the peace of the circle was rudely broken by the presence of Marshal M. C. O'Conner, who entered and presented the following warrant of arrest:

[Warrant.]

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, } ss.
Northern District of Ohio.

The President of the United States of America to the United States Marshal for said District—Greeting:

Whereas, complaint has been made before me, John R. Osborn, a Commissioner, duly appointed by the Circuit Court of the United States for the Seventh Circuit and Northern District of Ohio, on the oath of Janin Strong, that one John A. Lant did on or about the 27th day of April, A. D. 1873, at Toledo, in the district aforesaid, deposit in the Post-office of the United States, at the city of Toledo, in said district, a certain obscene publication known and called the Toledo Sun, in order to be mailed and delivered by the United States Post-office, contrary to the Act of Congress in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the United States.

These are therefore to command you to take the said John A. Lant, if he be found in your district, and safely keep him, so that you have him before me forthwith, at my office in Toledo, in said district, or before some other proper officer of said district, to answer said complaint and to be dealt with according to law.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April, 1873.

JOHN R. OSBORN,

U. S. Com'r for the Northern Dist. of Ohio.

[Marshall's Return.]

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, } ss.
Northern District of Ohio.

I hereby return that I received this writ on the 14th day of May, 1873, and according to the command thereof, I arrested the within named defendant, viz., John A. Lant, at Toledo, O., in said District, and have him bodily now before the within named Commissioner. M. C. O'CONNER,
U. S. Marshal.

We immediately proceeded to the office of Commissioner Osborn, and finding that officer not yet returned from dinner, employed the interim in dispatching for counsel. In company with the Marshal we proceeded to the post-office, and being ushered into the private office, was introduced to Janin Strong, of Oberlin (or thereabouts, as he declined to locate his domicile). Strong proved to be the Western Comstock, and the author of the accompanying affidavit:

[Affidavit.]

THE UNITED STATES

vs.

JOHN A. LANT.

Filed May 14, 1873.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, } ss.
Northern Dist. of Ohio.

Janin Strong, being duly sworn on his oath, deposes and says, that heretofore, to wit: On or about the 27th day of April, A. D. 1873, at Toledo, in the District aforesaid, one John A. Lant, late of said District, did deposit in the Post-office of the United States, at the city of Toledo, to be carried in the mail of the United States, a certain publication called the Toledo Sun, which publication was of an obscene, indecent and vulgar character, for the purpose of mailing and delivering through and by said Post-office, and by and through the mails of the United States, said obscene, vulgar and indecent publication, contrary to the Act of Congress in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the United States.

Subscribed and sworn to by the said Janin Strong before me at my office in Toledo, this 14th day of May, A. D. 1873.

JOHN R. OSBORN,

U. S. Com'r for the Northern Dist. of Ohio.

After a limited conversation in the Post-office we took the measure of Mr. Strong, and proceeded quietly to the office of Commissioner Osborn. That gentleman was still absent, and the office locked. The interim, at the head of the stairway, was occupied in conversation. The average special agent of the Government is accredited shrewd, intelligent and manly; but we are sorry to say that "J. Strong" is an exception, and a miserable apology for the dignity and importance of his position. His views on the social question we were enabled to learn something of; and when it has been decided to admit "obscenity" into the mail-bags of the United States, we shall probably print his low-conceived brutish language and ideas. The office of the Commissioner being opened, in company with the Marshal and Special Agent Strong, we entered, with the future before us and the great world of noble men and women behind, for the first time in our history a prisoner of State.

E. P. BASSETT, ESQ.

Having arrived, the Commissioner soon entered, and Court was declared in session. Mr. Bassett requested a postponement of the hearing. This the Commissioners agreed to, and upon consultation with Special Agent Strong, it was found difficult to conform a hearing to the open dates of that individual. The Commissioner decided by calling a hearing on Tuesday, May 20. Here Special Agent Strong proceeded to make a speech, while the Commissioner twirled from desk to audience on his pivot-chair.

SPECIAL AGENT STRONG STUBBED.

Mr. Bassett thought that as the case had been postponed until Tuesday, Mr. Strong would then be afforded an opportunity to make his speeches. The Pagan editor was busily engaged in making notes, and glancing across at the special agent, was surprised to see noise so quickly cease in that direction.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS BAIL.

What shall be done with the prisoner? The Commissioner said, in default of one thousand dollars bail, the prisoner would be remanded to prison. Mr. Bassett immediately responded, "I'll go his bail," and recognizance in the above amount was given. The prisoner accepted, and proceeded immediately out of the city to enter upon the duties of the paper, leaving Special Agent Strong and Ralph (ears) Waggoner (who had just entered) in a chuckling mood.

[From the Troy Daily Press.]

THE WOODHULL ON THE "THUNDERBOLT."

A LETTER FROM MR. CLARK.

To the Editor of the Troy Daily Press: In your issue of yesterday you reproduce a portion of the last number of WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, under this heading:

"The Woodhull—she goes for the Thunderbolt and Mr. E. H. G. Clark."

I am very glad that American editors now begin to show a willingness to quote from Mrs. Woodhull's journal, even if they will do so only to the apparent injury of myself. I have utter faith in the truth, and I know it will prevail in the end. It is with this conviction that I offer you a word or two of personal explanation, which will also be a matter of simple justice to other individuals and to the public.

I have never taken any interest whatever in the Beecher-Tilton Scandal for the sake of the scandal itself. Though not an old man I have lived too many years to suppose that I can regulate the moral or immoral privacy of other individuals. But when the immoralities of one man are

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covered up by a usurpation of the laws of my country, and by a plot endangering liberty, I wish to expose that one man (however much I may have honored him) for the sake of protecting humanity itself. This has been my only position in regard to Henry Ward Beecher. As for Mrs. Woodhull, I have had no acquaintance with her; and while I could not bear to have great principles victimized in her person, I have had no reason to treat her with tenderness when I believed that she needed criticism. In my recent paper, the *Thunderbolt*, I did not hesitate, therefore, to speak of her just as I considered myself fortified in doing by information in my hands. The whole tenor of my paper, however, was to confirm Mrs. Woodhull's account of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal, in spite of the denial of one witness, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, whose letters, in her own familiar writing, I had and still have in my possession. But I would not warp the truth for anybody, and I would not seek evidence of Mrs. Woodhull herself, as the public declared they would take nothing whatever on her testimony. The best I could do, in that case, was to produce Theodore Tilton's hidden statement (commonly called his "true story"), which had never been given to the public in connected, intelligible form, though one or two of Mr. Tilton's letters to Mr. Henry C. Bowen appeared before I was able to complete the *Thunderbolt*. By Theodore Tilton's statement I proved his admission that Mr. Beecher had attempted to seduce Mrs. Tilton, even if he had not succeeded, and I confirmed previous and accepted testimony that Mr. Bowen had charged Mr. Beecher with being a "corruptor of Brooklyn society," and with being guilty of "numerous adulteries and rapes." This was enough to open the whole question again (as it has done from one end of the country to the other); and in this opening my special point was reached—the vindication of free-speech. For Mrs. Woodhull has since reproduced nearly the whole *Thunderbolt*, and with it the original Beecher-Tilton Scandal, and I have not yet learned that she has been arrested again on the false and contemptible charge of "obscenity."

But my frank treatment of Mrs. Woodhull's faults, as well as Mr. Beecher's, showed her that, while indignantly standing for justice, I was the partisan of nobody. Her suspicion too was roused, and she was led to an entire misunderstanding of my paper. She attributed the *Thunderbolt* to the inspiration of Theodore Tilton, and considered it a design upon her own veracity. I consider Theodore Tilton a wretch; but it is simply fair to him to say that he had no hand whatever in the *Thunderbolt*. He had imparted his so-called "true story" (which I instinctively treated as a lie written to save his wife) to several persons. They were not all true to his secret—if, indeed, he ever intended they should be—and finally the "true story" came to me in such a form that I knew Mr. Tilton's precise claims, and had much of the exact language of his statement. As for the name *Thunderbolt*, I took it out of Mr. Tilton's letter to his "complaining friend," Col. Mix. In that letter Mr. Tilton said he would "try to keep his secret within his own breast, lest it shoot like a *thunderbolt* through other hearts." I let out his pretended secret, and Col. Mix, to whom he first read his "true story," has already declared, in the *Chicago Times*, that my account is substantially the one he heard. If it is not a "thunderbolt" after all, the fault lies with Mr. Tilton himself—who has dodged and truckled from the first, and has toned down a real "thunderbolt" into a pitiful false-pretense.

Since publishing the *Thunderbolt* I have spent several days in New York city and among several circles of society perfectly familiar with the Beecher-Tilton Scandal in all its true and shocking aspects. I don't believe there is a leading editor in New York or Brooklyn who doubts the substantial correctness of Mrs. Woodhull's statement; but every journalist that I talked with assured me that the facts are a great deal worse than Mrs. Woodhull has ever painted them. If Mr. Beecher and his friends had taken honest and legal steps to punish Mrs. Woodhull for libel, instead of fraudulently arresting her for publishing "obscene literature," it would at once have appeared that Mrs. Woodhull had painted the case white as snow, compared with the black underground of truth. In plain words, Mr. Beecher has not only been guilty of immorality with Mrs. Tilton, but with violence upon the person of Mrs. Emma Dean Proctor. Henry C. Bowen's charges against him are frightfully true; and when Mr. Bowen wrote to Mr. Tilton from Woodstock, Conn., reproaching himself for not exposing Mr. Beecher, and declaring that the deepest bitterness had entered his own soul, he referred to Mr. Beecher's seduction of his own wife (Mrs. Henry C. Bowen).

Yet, in spite of all these things Henry Ward Beecher stands in his pulpit, defying God and man, with sublime "cheek"—refusing to open his mouth or to touch anybody for libel—while his obscene vulture, Mr. Anthony J. Comstock of the Young Men's Christian Association, has subverted both liberty and law and made the Christian church a stench in the nostrils of honest men.

I am so thoroughly aghast at this spectacle that I don't care a chip what anybody thinks of me for forcing others to look at it; my position has been simply that of a patriot, whom history will honor and God will bless. My only regret in connection with my late *Thunderbolt* is a card which I published, intimating that if Mr. Anthony J. Comstock should arrest me for obscenity, he would do so at his peril. I felt that if after a spotless life of more than twenty-five

years in Troy I should not be allowed to speak the needed truth without being falsely arrested, the time had come to take a pistol and begin a revolution, as far as *one man* could do it. But so many people have deprecated this course as not only unwise for me but a probable detriment to the cause of free-speech itself, that I have determined to suffer a great deal rather than canonize Mr. Comstock or any other Beecher spy.

Let me add one more word of personal explanation, which I should not neglect here at my own home: While defending truth and justice when represented even by the most hated of all living persons, Mrs. Woodhull, I have been extremely averse to being committed in any way to her partisans or her paper. I felt that she ought to know this. But some time ago I found that she had printed my lecture circular in the columns of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY; and in the *Thunderbolt* I casually referred to the matter with some disgust. Mrs. Woodhull has since declared that a package of my circulars was sent to her with a request from me to have them noticed. I never sent her any such package of circulars, and I know that she cannot have any such request from me. Yet I think she has meant to tell the truth. For some time ago the *Police Gazette* declared that I had sent circulars to its editors with a similar request. I supposed the assertion to be a direct lie; but I now suspect that certain third parties, who sent out circulars for me, did perhaps do this dirty piece of business *on purpose to injure me*. If I had sent the circulars myself, I would scorn the cowardice of disowning it, to say nothing of the dishonesty.

But 'tis very dangerous, in little ways, to fight for the plain truth against a bad man as strong as Henry Ward Beecher. Still, I shall persist in the fight to the end, if misunderstood by all my "respectable" friends, and then misunderstood even by Mrs. Woodhull herself. American liberty demands any and every sacrifice.

EDWARD H. G. CLARK.

TROY, N. Y., May 15th, 1873.

CHANGE IN THE POSTAL LAWS.

Our subscribers are all aware that with the new quarter, beginning July 1, the new postal law requiring the prepayment of all postage on newspapers goes into effect. The request that each subscriber will at once remit us the amount of postage for the coming quarter, half-year or year, so that this tax on the WEEKLY, which in the aggregate amounts to hundreds of dollars, may be borne by our many readers instead of by us alone.

ALL IS RIGHT.

Unceasingly time's priestly moments

Baptize our lives as on they fly,
With joyous sunshine or sorrow's snow-drops,
Were dazed and shocked alternately.

We sing and dance to Pleasure's harping;
We drink and love life's foamy part,
When splash-like, with unbidden welcome,
Grief hurls her storm-blast at our heart.

Thus extremes of storm and sunshine,
With intermingling shades between,
O'erhang our lives with mystic paintings,
Whose deepest meanings few have seen.

Effect and cause, with law their sceptre,
Rule our lives and destiny;
And with the pen of sharp experience,
Write lovingly our history.

Evolution, tireless workman,
Always moves creation on,
From lower states and forms to higher,
As "round and round" his Cycles run.

Vicissitudes are only footsteps
(Where, perhaps, are crushed sweet flowers),
That mark the path that he has taken
In working out new shapes and powers.

What seems to us most black injustice,
May be an angel in disguise;
What appears like rank corruption,
May be good with dust-valled eyes.

Born of ignorance is knowledge,
Born of error, shining truths
Born of misery is pleasure,
Born of age is sweetest youth.

Born of death are life and beauty,
Born of wrong is staunchest right,
Born of slavery is freedom,
Born of darkness is the light.

Darkest hours precede the dawning
Of a bright and glorious morn;
Deepest anguish rends the spirit
Just before new forms are born.

TRUTH will burst its bonds and fetters,
And breathe the air of freedom's life;
And tyranny must fall before it,
If crimson life-drops stain the strife!

Love and wisdom at the nuptials
Of pain and pleasure will unite;
Truth and freedom by attraction,
The only true and holy rite!

Sweet shall be their perfect union,
As they bring their child-king forth,
Singing and proclaiming ever,
"Good will to men and peace on earth."

God's heart of love and soul of wisdom,
Deck nature with supernal light,
And all things help to swell the concord
Of the anthem, "All is Right."

LEON, N. Y.

A. A. HUMBELL.

MORALS.

A false system of morals, attempted to be imposed upon the ignorant by the church, would exclude from respectability a large majority of our most popular men. The strong, social nature of such men as Webster, Clay, Beecher, Maffitt, Sickles, Pomeroy, Kallcock, Brigham Young, John H. Noys, etc., and their large-hearted intimacy with women, has not crippled them in intellect, nor in popularity or social influence, except so far as the churches have taken up the matter for sectarian purposes. Noys is popular in the community, Young with the Mormons, Beecher in Plymouth Church, and so were Clay and Webster in their political circles. It has long been known that the love of woman has been largely a ruling element in the lives of most public and popular men, and that they have generally been more intimate with females than the law or church allowed, or the ignorant and deceived part of the community knew of. Nearly all men with large and active brains are largely amative, and of course, although restrained, it would not be always subject to the rules set up by a church that hold sexual intimacy criminal except as authorized by its authority between two persons in marriage. Few men are restrained by the law of marriage, and that few are the quiet ones that are not full of loud and foul accusations against others for what they do themselves when opportunity offers. The true moral standard is not the living in conformity to the Catholic or Protestant Church rules, but in so living that no fellow-being can accuse us of injury or violation of personal or property right.

Suppose a lady in the Oneida community desires Mr. Noys to be the father of a child by her, and he becomes such, and she rejoices every day of her life in the blessing and parentage; and yet they are not man and wife; what is the crime and who has the right to complain if God does not? Whose law is violated, and by whom? Suppose the parties are not in Oneida and not of that Christian church which sanctions such acts; is it more or less a crime? More or less moral or immoral? I have known unmarried women to have children that proved great blessings to them, and for which they were ever thankful, and some such children have been highly useful to the world; by what moral standard are such parents to be cursed? If there is no person injured and many blessed; how is the act a crime that brings the blessing without a curse? The worst sensualists and libertines I have ever known are parties most bitter in denouncing free love, because they get all the females into their power they require as society now is, and some of them know if women was free and equally paid and protected as man, they would not have the victims they now have. The law should punish a man the same for committing a rape on his wife as if on any other woman, both as severely as a jury of free woman would assess the injury. I would have married women protected the same against their husbands as against other men, and all women so situated that they should never be obliged to sell or sacrifice their bodies to man, whether wrong or not. If this is wrong or immoral I cannot see it. Many say this would do away with marriage as a baby institution, and make it only a civil contract to be annulled, amended or enforced the same as other contracts. What if it does since it is right and best for all?

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 1.

A "Heartrending Story" is again delayed on account of pressure of important matter.

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Of all the ornaments now devised for beautifying gentlemen's grounds, there are none that can surpass rustic work, either in grandeur, beauty, utility or durability. It may be introduced almost anywhere if the surroundings are in the least rural; in many cases it can be placed where nothing else could be, oftentimes converting an eyesore into a place of great beauty, and yet ornamental and useful. As it is, there are few that have either the taste or good judgment for the judicious arrangement of the materials out of which the best rustic is made. To make or design rustic objects, the maker or designer must exercise good judgment as to the best place for his object—whether it is a house, bridge, vase, basket or any of the many objects that may be formed of rustic work—for if the object is in a bad position, be the object ever so good, it loses half the effect, or even becomes an eyesore. There must be something rural in the locality, something in tone with the object. Perfect taste is required for the form of any object, although in anything rustic the form will be much modified; yet there must be an original design to give meaning and grace to the object. In all cases, unless working with straight material, nature must be followed as nearly as possible, avoiding right angles or anything that looks formal; every piece should look as if joined by nature. This not only gives beauty but stability to the work. To all this must be combined the skill of the builder, to give strength, finish and neatness to the whole work. Many people think that as a matter of course carpenters can build rustic, but there are few if any that can give the natural rusticity so necessary to it. It is a trade by itself, and requires men with a natural taste and inventive genius. Some men work at it for years and cannot do it creditably.

There is nothing that may not be made in rustic work, from a dwelling-house to a cage, a bridge to a card basket. Many of the vases are filled with plants and look very handsome, with ivy half hiding the woodwork, and fine flowering plants capping the whole and making it a thing complete in itself. There are also many fine baskets filled. Certainly nothing could be more ornamental or better in a window than one of these. But these things, to be appreciated, must be seen; for large constructions we would advise any one to visit the grounds of Mr. Hoey, at Long Branch, or Peter B. King, Esq., on the Palisades overlooking the Hudson, or General Ward's estate.

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